



THE SKETCH

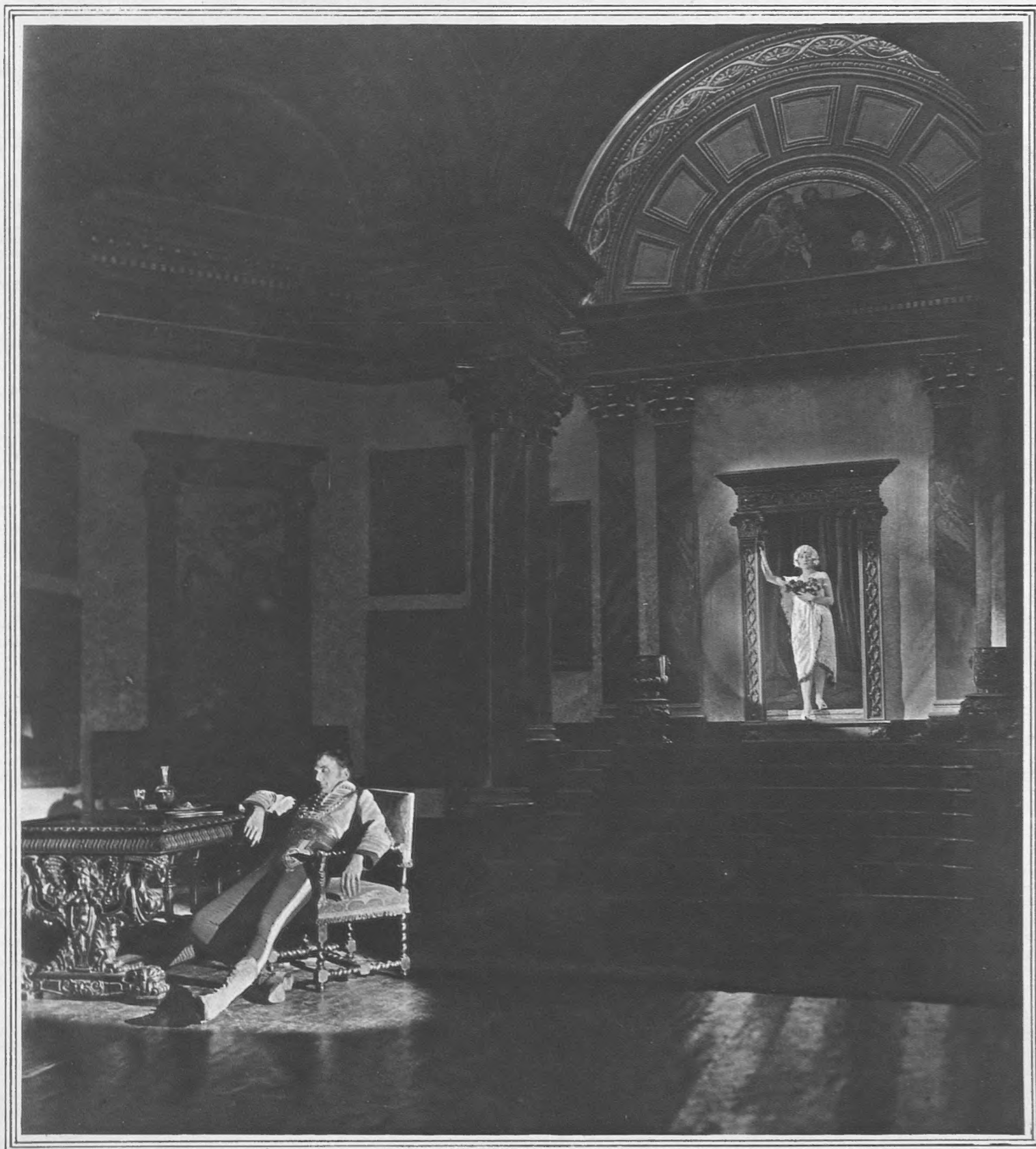


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WEDNESDAY, MARCH 8, 1922.

ONE SHILLING.



THE LADY OF THE ROSE COMES TO LIFE: MISS PHYLLIS DARE AND MR. HARRY WELCHMAN, AT DALY'S.

The scene of "The Lady of the Rose," the new musical comedy at Daly's, is laid in Italy during the war. Mariana's ancestress, the Lady of the Rose, came unscathed through the ordeal of visiting an Austrian officer many years ago, and her picture hangs in the castle. When her

descendant, Mariana, is called on to show the same courage, the Lady of the Rose comes to life and saves the situation—or does the brutal Belovar only dream that he sees her? In another part of our issue we give another illustration of the excellent comic opera.

PHOTOGRAPH BY STAGE PHOTO CO., EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH."



Motley Notes

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")



INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY - GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND."

Dangerous Sunday Schools!

Of all the institutions in this country the Sunday School, I imagine, is supposed to be the least harmful. Now and again, perhaps, you read of an absconding honorary treasurer to something or another that he was looked upon as an exemplary character and used to take a class regularly in the Sunday School. But that is by the way. That is not the fault of the Sunday School, nor are we accustomed to associate in our minds Sunday Schools and absconding treasurers.

The Sunday School is associated in my mind, for all time, with very shiny, rosy faces, very clean dresses and pinafores, very stiff white collars, and a strong smell of hair-grease. Also the clattering of nailed boots on bare wooden floors, a not too good harmonium, coloured pictures of weird animals on the walls, and "There is a green hill far away."

Nothing particularly pernicious about all that. Figure, therefore, my bewilderment when I received a booklet from no less important a body than the British Empire Union, whose President is the Right Honourable the Earl of Derby, K.G., and whose Chairman is Sir Ernest Wild, K.C., M.P., entitled, "DANGER AHEAD: SOCIALIST AND PROLETARIAN SUNDAY SCHOOLS." Well, well!

Strictly Non-Political.

Mind you, all this has nothing to do with politics. The people against whom the British Empire Union wish to warn me have no pretensions to being politicians. They despise politics, I take it, just as they despise thrones, and sovereigns, and any kind of constituted law and order. You shall judge for yourself.

Have you ever come across a "Proletarian Catechism"? Well, here you are, and it is written, the B.E.U. tells me, by John Davidson—

GIRL: What do you mean by Class State?

BOY: The Class State represents the rule of private property, and people without property are their slaves.

GIRL: What is a shipyard? [Oh, ingenious young person!]

BOY: A shipyard is a compound in which the present wage-slaves are pleased to be allowed to work. [Brighten the expression a trifle! Good!]

GIRL: What about the boss, then?

BOY: He is a Judas Iscariot [naughty,

naughty!], a legal robber, a pillar of the Church, anything and everything that he might deceive your class.

I like the splendid abandonment of "anything and everything." You can fill up the blanks for yourself, my dear child. Any bad word will do for the man who pays your father's wages.

The Slave Business.

Pausing for a moment to look into this slave business, what I cannot understand, and what Mr. John Davidson and his friends will not explain to me, is why the wicked boss of the shipyard pays any wages at all if the workers are his slaves! Surely, the great idea of slavery was to get labour

must have upset me. Guess I'll take a day off and have a look at the pictures"? Can you hear that? And can you figure to yourself what would have followed any such announcement? I can, but I won't. I don't like the thought of a whip on either human or animal flesh. And to think the wicked foremen in modern shipyards wield them all day long!

A Pretty Ditty.

The B.E.U. further informs me that the Proletarian Song Book has taken the place of the old-fashioned hymn-book. Instead of "There is a green hill far away," and "There's a home for little children," the sweet baby lips are taught to lisp the following—

"Kings and Queens and flunkies,
Lords and Dukes and Knights,
Are the Fat Man's magic
To keep you from your rights.
Get a pail and drown them,
Or a little can,
They have been a nuisance
Since the world began."

I would like to know which tune, if any, they have appropriated to go with those charming lines. I would also like to know why Baronets are to get off scot-free when all the Knights—including Sir Anthony Hope Hawkins and Sir Arthur Pinero, neither of whom, I will swear, ever injured a fly—are to be drowned in a little can. And why, in the name of humanity, a little can? Even kittens, in my young days, used to be drowned in a bucket! A pretty finish, truly, for Sir Harry Lauder!

The End of a There
"Fairy Tale." are also
fairy
tales, it seems, in this literature. "Danger Ahead"



YOUNG PEOPLE WHO BEAR GREAT NAMES: LADY MOIRA FORBES, THE HON. MARIEL FRASER, LADY EILEEN FORBES, AND THE HON. MARTIN CHARTERIS (L. TO R.)—COMPLETE WITH POGO STICK.

This group was taken in the Park. Lady Moira and Lady Eileen Forbes are the two little daughters of the Earl and Countess of Granard, and were born in 1910 and 1912 respectively. The Hon. Mariel Fraser is the only daughter of Lord and Lady Lovat, and the Hon. Martin Charteris is the younger son of Lady Violet Benson, second daughter of the Duke of Rutland. Lady Violet married the late Lord Elcho, son of the Earl of Wemyss and March, in 1911, and has two sons—Lord Elcho and the Hon. Martin Charteris. Her first husband was killed in the war, and last year she married Mr. Guy Benson.—[Photograph by T.P.A.]

for nothing. I never heard that Uncle Tom drew four to ten pounds weekly. I know that the overseer often drew blood from Tom's back, but Tom got nothing at all for his pains. Why in the world, then, do the present bosses pay away millions and millions of pounds in wages to mere slaves?

How is it, again—I ask merely for information—that these slaves work when they choose and stay away when they choose? How does Mr. Davidson account for that? And why do they "clock in" at varying hours of the morning, to the great concern of the harassed foreman? Can you hear Uncle Tom saying to himself, "Well, I don't feel so well this morning. That last cigarette

does not give me a whole fairy tale, but merely a "moral"—

"The moral of the story, dear boys and girls, is very plain. There is no room upon this earth of ours for the enemies of mankind. The common enemy of mankind is Capitalism, and Capitalism must be destroyed at all costs, even if it means the use of force. Force means hatred. We preach the Gospel of Hatred. . . ."

I am merely wondering how many War Savings Certificates a man is allowed to buy out of his savings before becoming a Capitalist. But that question, I infer, will be answered very simply by putting all the War Savings Certificates on a jolly bonfire!

Point · To · Point 'Chasing at Bletchington.



THE WINNER OF THE NEW COLLEGE GRIND HAS
A FALL: MR. C. H. S. DIXON.



THE ONLY RIDER TO FINISH IN THE MAGDALEN
GRIND: MR. W. F. PRETYMAN ON COLLEEN.



A COMPETITOR IN
THE MAGDALEN
GRIND: VISCOUNT
SUIRDALE ON
SCARBOROUGH.



A COMPETITOR IN THE STRANGERS' RACE:
SIR W. F. CARMICHAEL-ANSTRUTHER.



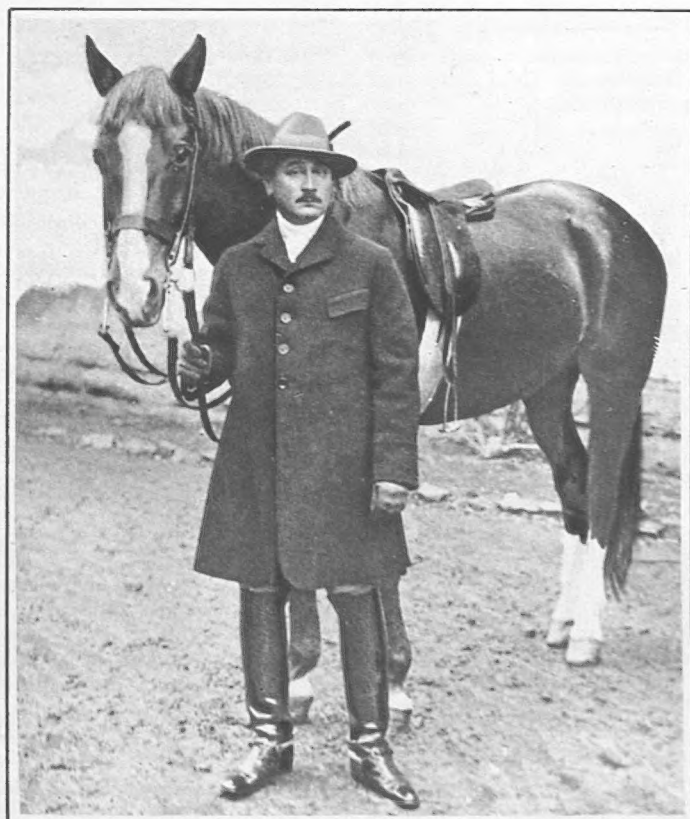
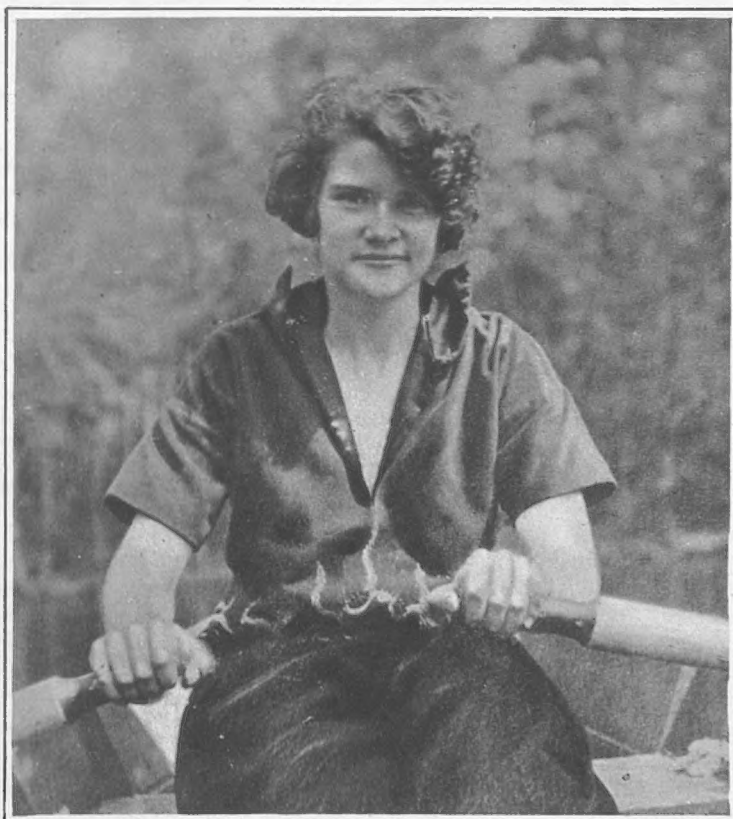
A BAD TOSS IN THE STRANGERS' RACE: MR. M. BUCKNALL
THROWN BY BANGLE.



In the New College Grind, Mr. C. H. S. Dixon was thrown by Tit Willow, but remounted and won. Viscount Suirdale is the elder son

of the Earl of Donoughmore, and Sir W. F. Carmichael-Anstruther is the tenth Baronet of Nova Scotia, and seventh of Great Britain.

The Romance of Rockefeller's Granddaughter and the Riding Master.



ENGAGED TO BE MARRIED: MISS MATHILDE MCCORMICK, THE 16-YEAR-OLD HEIRESS, AND MAJOR MAX OSER.

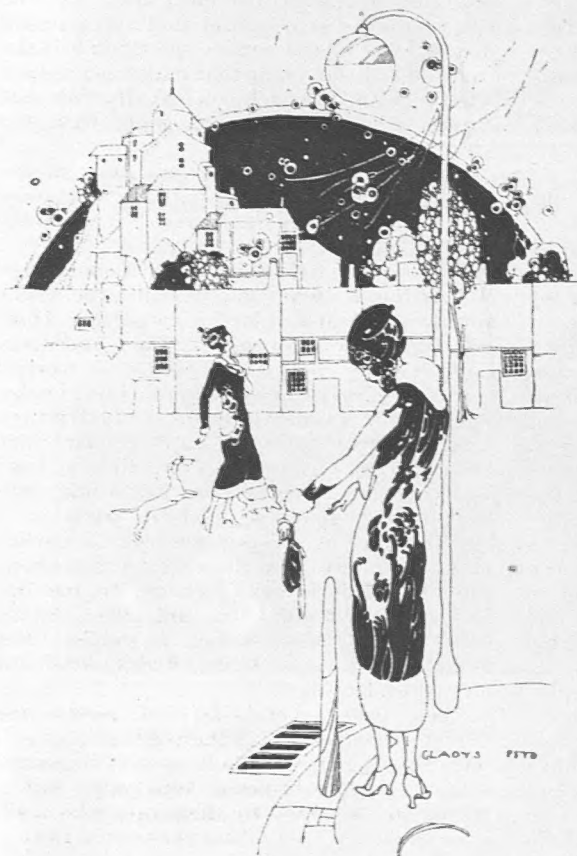
The announcement that Miss Mathilde McCormick, granddaughter of Mr. John D. Rockefeller, the wealthiest man in America, is engaged to Major Max Oser, a Swiss riding-master of 48, has created a great

sensation. The announcement of her engagement was made by her father, Mr. Harold F. McCormick, and the wedding will take place in May.—[Chasing Photographs by S. and G.; Others by James Press Agency.]

The Jottings of Jane; Being "Sunbeams out of Cucumbers."

Honoured Hostesses.

Their Majesties the King and Queen having graciously consented to honour Lord and Lady Farquhar with their presence at dinner on March 6, there was a very distinguished party assembled to meet them.



1. Algy and Angela now receive almost daily reminders concerning the payment of income tax. Angela is getting quite alarmed, and is thinking of collecting the money by singing in the street.

No one in England is more popular with the King and Queen than Lord and Lady Farquhar. Lord Farquhar, who was Master of the Household of King Edward, is heir-presumptive to Sir R. Townsend-Farquhar, and has been Lord Steward to the King's Household since 1915, and is a G.C.V.O. and a Grand Officer of the Legion of Honour.

Lady Farquhar is a daughter of Colonel Packe, of Hurleston, Northamptonshire, and her first husband was Sir E. H. Scott.

Their Majesties are also honouring Lord and Lady Londonderry by their presence at dinner at Londonderry House on Thursday, March 9.

And on March 16 Lord and Lady Ancaster are to be the much-honoured hosts of their Majesties. Eresby House, Rutland Gate, is a very beautiful house, ideal for entertaining, and Lady Ancaster (who is a daughter of Mrs. Harry Higgins) is one of the best-known London hostesses of American birth. But this will be the first time she has been so highly favoured by the King and Queen, who since the wedding of Princess Mary have indeed delighted their privileged subjects by consenting to grace their several boards.

At the "Zoo." After so many wedding festivities, it was only natural that London should feel a little flat last week. Myself, I consoled me with an all day in the open air—at the "Zoo" with four little children, no nurses, and the favourite food of each child by special selection (not my selection!), and no one to say "don't"

or to be shocked if we took off our gloves and fed the other wild animals with monkey-nuts—a pastime rendered adventurous by the Angelic Being of four who would try to thrust a diminutive bare arm into the baboon's cage, besides devouring so many nuts himself that the baby elephant had to go unfed.

The baby elephant has been here only about a fortnight. He arrived with his gigantic mother after a terrible tossing, during which he very nearly died of sea-sickness. He is a present from H.H. the Gaekwar of Baroda, and the official date of his advent in England was Feb. 18.

I regret to say he was suffering from sore throat, and took little interest in the Angelic Being's rapturous greeting. His mother, contrariwise, opened her mouth, extended her trunk, and quite placidly appropriated the Angelic Being's paper bag of bananas, which so astonished him that for the rest of the day he kept at a discreet distance from all things hairy, horned, feathered, or furred, and trotted most circumspectly as near my more familiar human fingers as possible, considering there were already three other pairs of diminutive hands clutching at my skirts. But to all adults who are in need of rest or tonic, I say: Go thou and do likewise.

It may be the crowded parties have tired you. It may be the great ones of earth have been a little greater than usual, and hurt you insufferably by forgetting that you were human. . . .

It may be this or that—whatever it is, the children put it all right. Their love is as near adoration as human

love can be—especially when you let them ride seven times on the camel. And if anyone has been behaving "uppishly," one long look at the monkeys, one little memory of Mr. Darwin, and before you have been there ten minutes you care as little for the coldness of the entire community as the crocodile cares for the kangaroo. Positively, animals—all animals—make you feel so infinitely superior, that you strut long before you reach the peacocks or the Chinese golden pheasants, although, if you gaze long enough at these, you may wonder why God did not cover man with brilliant plumage.

The evolution of species sets you dreaming of Social Evolution. Not Benjamin Kidd's Social Evolution (which treats of peoples and philosophy), but the evolution



2. But Algy reassures her immediately. Next January is quite soon enough to pay it, he tells her.

of society in the *small* (which treats of people and personages!).

In England, social evolution to-day is a science that only the Editor of "Who's Who" pretends to understand. But the children don't need to understand. The children and the open air, and a whole long day of spring sunshine, and a pound's-worth of pennies for monkey-nuts and camel-rides—there is the philosophy worth ten of Benjamin Kidd's.

At the Play.

And, in the evening, like a mirror to all your thoughts, "Money Doesn't Matter"—the most delightful play I have seen for years. Only it may have been because I was still in a childish mood. . . . Childhood is so contagious. I laughed and cried over the play as I have not done for seven years. It exaggerates all the twentieth-century vulgarity, of course, but it does not exaggerate the human sweetness that is there all the time beneath the restless need to be modern.

We have all met Pip, whom in Donald Calthrop we love from the start. Doris Lytton is a most convincing Pansy Berkeley. Kate Cutler is as immortal as ever in her rôle of Lady Belton. Henrietta Watson interprets the philosophical Miss Cardew with

great restraint, till I, for one, felt that I had met her quite lately, so natural was her air of being a looker-on. Like the audience, she appeared to be watching and waiting and hoping. Like them, she believed (in spite of much) that those terrible young things were creatures of flesh and blood, who would conquer through their artificial environment. Miss Cardew it was who made me want to cry between laughs. I hardly know why, unless it was that all she said was so simple and true. Somehow she was like that half-hour alone with yourself when you stare in the mirror and ask questions that can never be answered. And Doris Lytton was like that other restless self—the unsatisfied self that perforce must mingle with the world, albeit the noisy world has ceased to interest you. One

felt all the while that elemental passions were working.

But I wondered why the author places the first Act in Chester Terrace, which she

represents as the last word in modish mansions. The Chester Terrace that I know so well is filled only with ultra-respectable and decidedly *comme-il-faut* classes who have either been forced by the income tax out of Belgravia or who have become celebrated enough in Chelsea to promote themselves to a little house not strictly Bohemian!

And although I have never inhabited a flat at Paradise Court, Battersea, I am sure there is just such a place. Miss Gertrude Jennings (the author) is verily one of the real on-lookers who know all things. Her intolerance was visible only once—when she insisted that Miss Cardew should be called Miss Cardew by Lady Beatrice Munroe. There are limits even to the restraint of true aristocrats. The very sight of Lady Beatrice Munroe was eloquent of night clubs and worse. Alas! she, too, is not over-drawn. We all know her several times over, with her affected voice, her red hair, her insolent manner. But we don't have to allow her to call us by our Christian name! Society is still clutching to the shreds of respectability!

Lady Rodd's and Other Parties.

Lady Rodd gave a delightful little dance the other night. The wife of our ex-Ambassador to Rome has not entertained much in London hitherto; but now that Sir Rennell Rodd has retired and they have a permanent home here, one hopes for many such parties. This was a boy-and-girl dance chiefly, but there were a number of young married people as well, and several hostesses took dinner parties.

And Mme. Paravicini has been entertaining a good deal lately. The Swiss Minister has taken a house in Lower Berkeley Street. On Monday they gave a luncheon to M. Gustav Ador (the ex-President of the Swiss Confederation). Several prominent Swiss diplomats were there, as well as the Belgian Ambassador and Baroness Moncheur, Lord Bath, Lord and Lady Granard, Lord Beatty, Lord and Lady Ullswater, Lady Ribblesdale, Lady Cunard, Mrs. Stonor, Sir George Younger, Sir Eric Drummond, and several others.

This week they are giving a little dance—the first of a series that will make March (in spite of it being Lent) more gay than I have known it for years in London.

Lady Cunard is also going to give a dance, and her weekly "salons" are as amusing as ever. You are always certain to meet a lion or two, and most of the Embassies and Legations are represented, and the world of music and the drama. But Society is certain to miss the many young parties that were given last year in honour of Princess Mary.

Now that her Royal Highness is married, there will be more than ever numerous parties

for young married people; but the girl-and-boy dance, except for the young Princes and their cousin, Princess Maud of Fife, will not have the same royal *raison d'être*.

Lady Diana Manners has described the wedding so well in one of the daily papers, and it was all so elaborated in every paper, that there is nothing left for Jane to say. Perhaps the party on Thursday evening at Buckingham Palace has been the most discussed, and the least advertised in the Press. It was a wonderful party; the loveliest ladies in the land all assembled with their much-decorated lords and masters to be honoured by shaking hands for the last time under her father's roof with the beloved Princess before she assumed the responsibilities of a married woman.

And the dear human note of the week that has appealed to the public most—or rather the notes, for there were three—were the Queen's tears, the brief pause at the Cenotaph of Princess Mary and Lord Lascelles to honour the forgotten dead, and the expression in the beloved King's eyes as he and his sons threw the last handful of rice at the bride and bridegroom within the Palace gates. As in all great symphonies, the clarion notes of sweet human tenderness speak amidst the clamouring chords and the ever crescendo arpeggios of many-stringed acclamation with an eloquence that no written word can hope to emulate. This generation may forget the flowers, the flags, the

crowds and the massed bands. It will never forget their Queen's human tears, nor the honour to their dead, nor the deep love of the father for his fair little only daughter.

One interesting thing I have just heard—that the Royal bride and her husband are both descended from Henry VII. and his Queen, Elizabeth of York, through their two daughters, Margaret and Mary, who married respectively James IV. of Scotland (from whom Princess Mary's descent can be traced), and Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, from whose line Lord Lascelles is descended.

Stella Langdale and E. Hesketh Hubbard.

I have just come from the private view of Sketches in the East and other work by Stella Langdale, at the Brook Street Art Gallery. Mr. E. Hesketh Hubbard, R.O.I., A.W.W.A., is also exhibiting some delightful oil-paintings, etchings, and drawings, all of which I hope to have time to see properly one day soon. The crowd was too great to-day, and everyone was still too busy discussing the wedding even to talk of the pictures, that could only be glimpsed through multitudinous spring hats—mostly red hats, by the way, that are the last word in fashion this season, in spite of

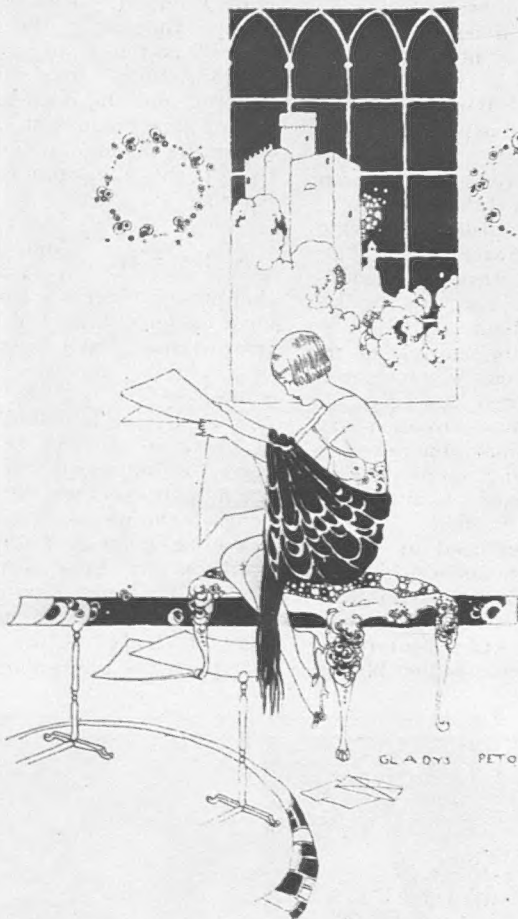
the fact that last spring they also had a tremendous vogue. Already I am tired of them in the shop windows, and almost I am tired of them on women's heads. One woman in a thousand has the complexion for it. Here is a list of the women who should *not* wear red hats—no, don't be frightened, your actual name won't appear! (1) The woman with a red nose. (2) The woman with over-red cheeks. (3) The woman whose general appearance is not worth looking at—an unforgivable disappointment if the reddest of hats has perforce called attention to her! (4) The woman who is *passée*, and who needs soft tones to shadow her lined face. (5) The woman who is so beautiful that the addition of a red hat merely makes one think it is the brightness of the colour that makes her appear perfect—by all of which you may discover that I don't like red hats—any more than the Army did!

Lady Astor's Party.

Lady Astor gave a delightful party at her house in St. James's Square on the Tuesday night.

It was preceded by a dinner in honour of Mr. Arthur Balfour, and included the Prime Minister and Mrs. Lloyd George, the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, Lord and Lady Londonderry (who are no longer so worried over the illness of Lord Chaplin), Lord Derby, Lady Kerry, Lord Winterton, Lady Wemyss, Lady Frances Balfour, Lord Richard and Lady Moyra Cavendish, Lord Ridley, Lord and Lady Desborough, Lord Revelstoke (who had himself given a luncheon party to a large number of guests assembled on Carlton House Terrace to view the wedding procession), Lord and Lady Lee of Fareham, Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill, Mr. and Mrs. Austen Chamberlain, Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton, Mrs. Brand, Sir Edward Grigg, and Colonel and Mrs. Spender Clay.

There were several hundred guests after dinner—members of all the political parties—but once again the only really important rumours were whispered into one's ear as tremendous secrets—by the people who really knew least! **IRREPRESSIBLE JANE.**



3. "How useful husbands are," thinks Kitten, "to advise one in these crises. Besides which, if one is married, one need not fill the form up." She is frenziedly perusing the "Matrimonial News."



4. Having been married twice already, Aunt Babsie is not keen to take such a drastic step as this. She merely rings up all her grandson's contemporaries, asking for their advice and hoping for a little free food.

At-Home Portraits of Mr. Michael Collins' Bride-Elect.



IN HER DRAWING-ROOM: MISS KITTY KIERNAN.



WITH ONE OF HER PRIZE DOGS: MISS KITTY KIERNAN, WHO IS SHORTLY TO MARRY MR. MICHAEL COLLINS.



A SMILING BRIDE-TO-BE: MISS KITTY KIERNAN.

Mr. Michael Collins was chosen Chairman of the Provisional Government of the Irish Free State, which was elected by the Parliament of Southern Ireland in January last. His engagement to Miss Kitty Kiernan was announced some time ago, and it is now stated that the marriage will

take place shortly, and that the ceremony will be a very quiet one. Our page shows three at-home portraits of Miss Kitty Kiernan, taken at her house in Granard, Co. Longford. She is very fond of animals, and is shown with one of her prize dogs.—[Photographs by T.P.A.]

Lady Lavery's Portrait of the Irish Free State Chief.



AS THE ARTIST-WIFE OF A FAMOUS ARTIST SEES HIM: MR. MICHAEL COLLINS.

Lady Lavery, the wife of Sir John Lavery, R.A., the famous painter, is herself an artist. It will be remembered that her work was exhibited for the first time at the Alpine Club Gallery last year, together with some of Sir John's pictures, and aroused a great deal of interest. We

reproduce above one of Lady Lavery's latest portraits—a drawing of Mr. Michael Collins, the Chief of the Irish Free State Provisional Government. On the facing page we show three photographs of Mr. Collins' fiancée, Miss Kitty Kiernan.

From the drawing by Lady Lavery. (Copyright strictly reserved by the Artist.)

Dowered for Their Beauty: Carnival Queens of Paris.

Mlle. Sanvairme.
(ix)Mlle. Patay.
(vii)Mlle. Cayet.
(xvi)Mlle. Durand.
(xv)Mlle. Ludié.
(viii)Mlle. Jandoir.
(xix)Mlle. Colomb.
(iv)Mlle. Rouland.
(v)Mlle. Hove.
(ii)Mlle. Ennes.
(xx)Mlle. Louin.
(xvii)Mlle. Brunat.
(xviii)Mlle. Cron.
(xiv)Mlle. Scharer.
(iii)Mlle. Hodot.
(xiii)Mlle. Marzouk.
(x)

Mlle. Brevie. (i)



Mlle. Lhuillery. (xi)



Mlle. Peiffer. (vi) —



QUEEN OF QUEENS: Mlle. BUCHER (xii).

ELECTED BY VOTE: THE TYPIST QUEEN OF QUEENS AND HER SISTER "ROYALTIES."

The old ceremony of the selection of the Queen of Queens for the Mi-Carême Carnival in Paris resulted in the election of Mlle. Bucher, a typist of the XII. Arrondissement. This victory means more than mere honour and a leading part in the Mi-Carême procession, for the Queen of Queens receives a handsome "dot" and a gift of furniture, and the lesser "royalties" elected by each Arrondissement are also dowered

for their beauty. There is not a single *blanchisseuse* in the company this year, which is made up of 10 typists, 7 shop girls, 1 diamond worker, 1 dressmaker, and 1 mannequin. The numbers which appear after the names of the Queens shown on our page indicate the Arrondissement over which each one "rules." The "Queens" are supposed to be typical French beauties.—[Photographs by Sartony.]

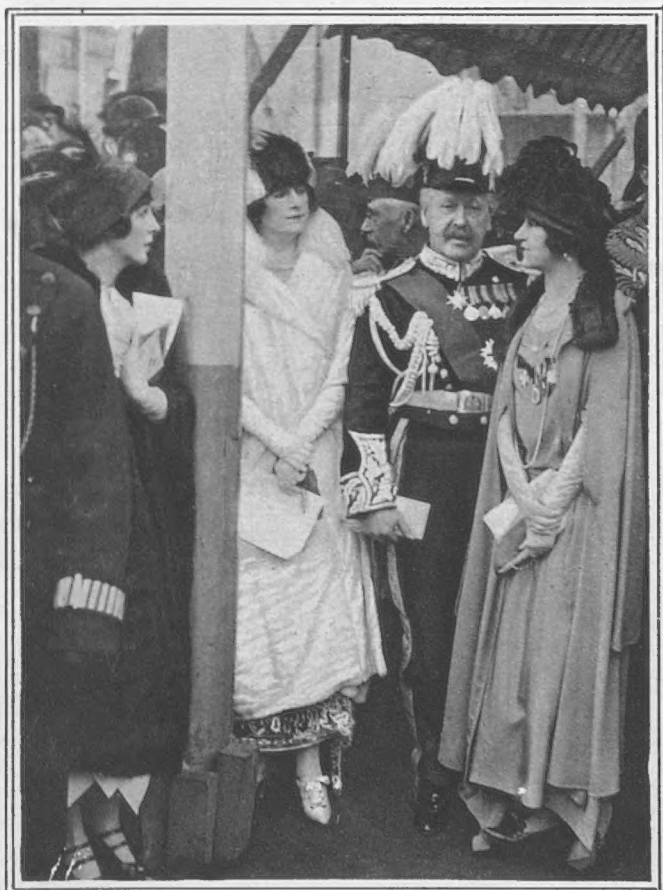
In Full Dress: Guests at the Royal Wedding.



AN ELDER BROTHER OF TRINITY HOUSE: MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL,
AND MRS. CHURCHILL.



WITH THE DUCHESS: THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND
ARRIVING.



LADY DIANA COOPER; MARCHIONESS CURZON; LORD GLADSTONE
AND LADY GLADSTONE (L. TO R.).



THE FATHER AND MOTHER OF THE BRIDGROOM: THE EARL
OF HAREWOOD, G.C.V.O., AND THE COUNTESS OF HAREWOOD.

Our page shows some of the distinguished people who were guests at the Royal Wedding. Mr. Winston Churchill, the Secretary of State for the Colonies, is an Elder Brother of Trinity House, as well as a Privy Councillor and a Member of Parliament. His beautiful wife is a daughter of the late Colonel Sir Henry Hozier and of Lady Blanche Hozier.—The Duke of Sutherland is the fifth Duke. He

married Lady Eileen Butler, daughter of the seventh Earl of Lanesborough. The Duchess wore a brown lace gown under a fur coat, and a small satin hat.—The Countess of Harewood, mother of the bridegroom, wore a mushroom-coloured satin crêpe beauté and chiffon dress embroidered with steel beads, and a chiffon velvet cloak to match.—[Photographs by Harris Picture Agency, Alfieri, and C.P.P.]

GLORY OF WEDDING GARMENTS AT THE



A PRIVY COUNCILLOR AND HIS WIFE: MAJOR-GENERAL SEELY, P.C., C.M.G., D.S.O., M.P., AND LADY SEELY.



THE FAMOUS ULSTER LEADER AND HIS WIFE: SIR JAMES CRAIG AND LADY CRAIG.



AN AIR VICE-MARSHAL AND HIS WIFE: AN AIR VICE-MARSHAL AND HIS WIFE, K.C.B., D.S.O., BT.



A WOMAN OF THE BEDCHAMBER TO THE QUEEN: LADY JOAN VERNEY AND HER DAUGHTER.



WITH THE MISSES CARNEGIE: CAPTAIN PETO.

Our pages show some of the famous men and women who were invited to the Royal Wedding. Major-General the Rt. Hon. "Jack" Seely is the politician soldier and younger brother of Sir Charles Hilton Seely, Bt. Lady Seely, who is his second wife, is a daughter of the first Viscount Elibank.—The Rt. Hon. Sir James Craig, P.C., first Baronet, is the Ulster leader and Prime Minister of Northern Ireland. Lady Craig is the daughter of Sir Daniel Tupper, M.V.O.—Air Vice-Marshal Sir Hugh Trenchard is one of our most famous airmen. He married the Hon. Mrs. Boyle, widow of the Hon. James Boyle, and daughter of the late Mr. E. S. Bowlby, of Gilston Park, Herts.—The Duke of Marlborough married

ABBEY: SOCIETY IN ITS FINEST ARRAY.



WIFE: SIR HUGH TRENCHARD,
LADY TRENCHARD.



A RECENTLY MARRIED DUKE: THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH
AND HIS DUCHESS.



IN THE FULL-DRESS UNIFORM OF THE R.A.F.: AIR VICE-MARSHAL
SIR GEOFFREY SALMOND, K.C.B., C.M.G., AND LADY SALMOND.



MISS MEGAN LLOYD GEORGE, THE PRIME MINISTER, LORD BIRKENHEAD, DAME MARGARET LLOYD GEORGE,
SIR ROBERT HORNE, MRS. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, AND MR. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN (L. TO R.).



A YOUNG BARONET AND HIS WIFE: SIR VICTOR
AND LADY WARRENDER.

Miss Gladys Deacon last year.—Air Vice-Marshal Sir Geoffrey Hanson Salmond is one of the sons of Major-General Sir William Salmond, K.C.B. His brother, Sir John Maitland Salmond, is also an Air Vice-Marshal. Lady Salmond was formerly Miss Margaret Carr.—Lady Joan Verney is the wife of Mr. Harry Lloyd Verney and daughter of the fifth Earl of Desart. Her husband was appointed private secretary to Queen Mary in 1919, and her elder son was at one time a Page of Honour to her Majesty.—Dame Margaret Lloyd George is a Dame Grand Cross of the British Empire, and the star of the Order may be seen in our photograph.—[Photographs by B.L., Farrington Photo Co., S. and G., C.N., Photopress, and Alferi.]

PROMINENT POLITICIANS, PEERS, AND



WITH THE HON. MONICA GRENFELL: LORD AND LADY DESBOROUGH.



THE MINISTER FOR HEALTH AND HIS WIFE: SIR ALFRED MOND AND LADY MOND.



A MEMBER OF THE SENATE OF THE MARQUESS OF LONDONDERRY



THE HERO OF WASHINGTON ARRIVES: THE RT. HON. A. J. BALFOUR.



THE FAMOUS LABOUR LEADER WITH HIS WIFE AND DAUGHTER: MR. J. H. THOMAS, WITH MRS. AND MISS THOMAS.



HIS EXCELLENCY THE AMERICAN WITH MRS.

The gathering of guests at the Abbey for the marriage of Princess Mary was, naturally, an assembly of prominent men and women. Our pages show a few of the famous folk on their way to the Abbey. Sir Alfred Mond has been Minister of Health since April 1921. His elder daughter is the wife of Lord Erleigh, son of the Earl of Reading, and his second daughter is engaged to Sir Neville Pearson, Bt.—The Marquess of Londonderry is a Member of the Senate of Northern Ireland. His wife, the Marchioness, is a Dame of the British Empire.—Major the Hon. Edward

DIPLOMATS: WEDDING GUESTS AT THE ABBEY.



NORTHERN IRELAND AND HIS WIFE;
AND THE MARCHIONESS.



LORD LASCELLES' BROTHER: MAJOR THE
HON. EDWARD LASCELLES, D.S.O., M.C.



THE LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR WITH HIS WIFE AND DAUGHTER: LORD
AND LADY BIRKENHEAD AND THE HON ELEANOR SMITH.



AMBASSADOR: COLONEL HARVEY,
HARVEY.



THE WELL-KNOWN LABOUR LEADER AND MEMBER FOR GORTON
DIVISION OF MANCHESTER: MR. J. HODGE.



A DISTINGUISHED POLITICIAN ARRIVING:
MR. A. BONAR LAW.

Lascelles is the younger brother of Viscount Lascelles. Had he not been lame he would have acted as best man.—Lord Birkenhead's elder daughter, the Hon. Eleanor Smith, was one of the débutantes of last year.—Mr. J. H. Thomas and Mr. J. Hodge, the famous Labour leaders, were two of the few men who came in plain clothes. Nearly all the male guests were in uniform, and the glory of gold lace and scarlet and blue put feminine frocks in the shade.—[Photographs by C.P.P., S. and G., Alferi, I.B., B.I., and Photopress.]



THE MUSICAL SUPPER OF "ENTER MADAME": ALL THE CHARACTERS IN THE NEW ROYALTY PRODUCTION.



"ENTER MADAME": THE HUSBAND REFUSES TO CARRY THE DOG.

PLAYS EXCEPTIONALLY WORTH SEEING.

1. "ENTER MADAME" (ROYALTY).
A comedy. Not particularly good as a play, but notable for brilliant acting, especially by one of the authors, Miss Gilda Varesi, as a temperamental prima-donna.
2. "MIXED MARRIAGE" (AMBASSADORS).
The Irish Players in St. John Ervine's drama, with a not-too-cheerful ending. Roman Catholic and Protestant in Belfast. Exceptionally good acting and a very well written play.
3. "THE BAT" (ST. JAMES'S).
A mass of familiar detective complications; with a mystery very well sustained till the end.
4. GRAND GUIGNOL (LITTLE THEATRE).
An interesting series of plays. The most gruesome of the quintet is "The Regiment," a drama new here, and distinctly too horrible for the average British playgoer.
5. "THE FUN OF THE FAYRE" (LONDON PAVILION).
Mr. Cochran's latest revue. Second attractive version, with new scenes and dances.
6. "POT LUCK!" (VAUDEVILLE).
A Cabaret Show, with Beatrice Lillie and Jack Hulbert excellent.
7. THE GILBERT AND SULLIVAN OPERAS (PRINCE'S).
Rupert D'Oyly Carte's Season; with all the favourites which have made Gilbert and Sullivan Opera a delight for so many years.

(Continued opposite.)

PLAYS YOU MUST SEE.

- "THE LADY OF THE ROSE" (DALY'S).
The best Daly piece since the war. Good music and, for a change, an interesting plot. Especially notable for a fine performance by Harry Welchman. Phyllis Dare and Huntley Wright at their best.
- "THE TRUTH ABOUT BLAYDS" (GLOBE).
A first-rate Pinero-esque play by A. A. Milne. The story of a Victorian poet's fraud. Brilliantly acted by Irene Vanbrugh, Norman McKinnel, and others.
- "THE BEGGAR'S OPERA" (LYRIC, HAMMER-SMITH).
Mr. Gay's famous Operetta is presented in C. Lovat Fraser settings. "Revised" version, with songs originally omitted.
- "THE WHEEL" (APOLLO).
The triangle (Eternal, not Y.M.C.A.) in India. Picturesque and poignant drama. Brilliant acting by Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry; and excellent "support."
- "AMBROSE APPLEJOHN'S ADVENTURE" (CRITERION).
Sir Charles Hawtrey in perfection as his stage self and as a "tuppenny"-coloured, Skeltery pirate with "scummy" oaths.
- "THE SIGN ON THE DOOR" (PLAYHOUSE).
A Murder-Mystery Drama; and a magnificent piece of acting by Miss Gladys Cooper. Altogether a "gripping" play.
- "THE FAITHFUL HEART" (COMEDY).
The story of a love affair; a career; and an unexpected daughter, who causes the Staff Colonel, her father, to go back to the Mercantile Marine as a Captain. A most convincing play.



"ENTER MADAME": DENNIS EADIE AND GILDA VARESI AS THE RECONCILED PAIR.



"ENTER MADAME": THE HUSBAND HAS TO CARRY THE DOG.

Continued.]

8. "BULLDOG DRUMMOND" (WYNDHAM'S).
By "Sapper." Described by Sir Gerald du Maurier as a "Thick-Ear Play"—otherwise, hot-and-strong melodrama.
9. "SALLY" (WINTER GARDEN).
Musical comedy—mostly Leslie Henson, but with large doses of George Grossmith, Dorothy Dickson, and other clever people.
10. "QUALITY STREET" (HAYMARKET).
Sir J. M. Barrie's most sugary play, charmingly presented, and well acted by Fay Compton, Mary Jerrold, Hilda Trevelyan, and Leon Quartermaine.
11. "THE CO-OPTIMISTS" (PALACE).
An amusing "Follyish" show, described as a Pierrotic entertainment. New programme.
12. "WELCOME STRANGER" (LYRIC).
The un-"Welcome Stranger" provides a triumph for the Jewish Potash-and-Perlmutter comedian, Harry Green, who is both amusing and sympathetic. Mr. George Elton also excellent.
13. "BLOOD AND SAND" (NEW THEATRE).
A picturesque swaggar adapted from Ibañez's novel, and with a happy domestic ending. Mr. Matheson Lang as the Matador hero, with pig-tail.
- *14. "THE PIGEON" (COURT).
The second of the Galsworthy cycle. A rather depressing play, but well acted.
- *15. "THE ENCHANTED COTTAGE" (DUKE OF YORK'S).
Interesting as being a new Pinero play. Otherwise undistinguished, except for the acting. Barresque, but not well handled in that master's manner.

It should be noted that the opinion here given is purely editorial and entirely unprejudiced, and for the benefit of those who are not regular visitors to town, and have but a short time at their disposal. It must be emphasised that there are other entertainments well

worth seeing. These include "A to Z"; "The Golden Moth"; "Money Doesn't Matter"; "Cairo"; "Jack and the Beanstalk"; and "The Bird of Paradise." None of these "mentions" is paid for. * First mention in our list.

Photographs by Stage Photo Co.

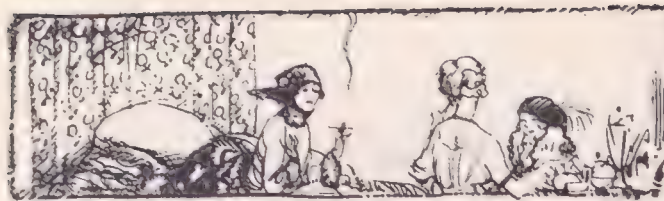
Toe·pographical!



THE APPLICANT: I am Cornish by birth, Madam.

MADAM: You don't s'y so! I always thought as they was caused by tight boots.

DRAWN BY BERT THOMAS.



Tales with a sting.

JUSTIFYING THE MEANS.

By THOMAS COBB.

MRS. LESTER DAWKINS for once had put her foot down, positively refusing to fall in with her husband's wish to give up the house in Mayfair and live in the country. She quite understood that he would leave her alone with the children half the time, so that when it came to the point this afternoon, she astonished him by the firmness of her refusal.

"Infernal obstinacy" he called it, and left home in a bad temper. When strolling along Regent Street a little later, his attention was arrested by a tallish, fair-haired young woman, becomingly out economically dressed, looking in at a hat-shop. Mr. Dawkins had seldom seen a lovelier face, while he felt certain he had seen it before. Of course!—at the office of his stockbroker; she was Fussell's secretary! The last time he went to Threadneedle Street she was standing with a book in her hand, taking shorthand notes for a letter. He had, in fact, "chaffed" the strait-laced Fussell about her after she left his private room.

She was gazing attentively at the hats, and no doubt breaking the Tenth Commandment. A woman who would pay for dressing, by Jove!

"Good-afternoon," he remarked, at her side.

He was her own height or half an inch shorter, dark, clean-shaven, and handsome in, she thought, an unpleasant way. Turning indignantly, and recognising him as one of Mr. Fussell's most remunerative clients, she checked a withering retort.

"I suppose it would be too much to hope you remember me," he continued.

"Mr. Lester Dawkins," she answered; "I ought to remember you, after all the letters I've typed to Constable Street."

Gossip being rife in the room over which she presided, she had heard him spoken of as a middle-aged Lothario, and for her own part, had hated the way he looked at her in Mr. Fussell's office, as she hated his propinquity this afternoon in Regent Street.

"Now, don't run away," he said, as she turned from the window. "Isn't it about tea-time, and the Regent is just round the corner?"

"I shall have tea at home," she replied.

"Do you live on your own?"

"Yes."

"I'm sure you won't mind telling me where."

By this time her sense of the ridiculous was overcoming her indignation.

"Upper Tooting," she said.

"I happen to know Tooting pretty well," he persisted. "Are you near the Common?"

"Parkington Street—Number twelve," she murmured. As a matter of fact, she had lodgings at Hampstead.

"I feel certain your name must be charming."

"It is Edith West," she answered.

Lester Dawkins thought that he was getting along admirably.

"Were you thinking of buying yourself one of these?" he asked, nodding towards the hats in the window.

"Oh, dear no. I was thinking of copying one."

"Miss West," said Dawkins, "it is in your power to do me a great favour."

"Is it?"

"Upon my word, nothing would give me

more pleasure than to be allowed to buy you a hat."

"Oh, well, you may if you like."

The next minute he was holding open the door, and a tall, superbly built saleswoman came to meet Edith as she entered the thickly carpeted shop.

"A hat, certainly, Madam."

Having inspected three or four of Madame Pelisse's "confections," Edith drew the pins out of her own wide-brimmed straw hat, and standing before a pier glass, replaced a tress which had become loose, Dawkins looking on admiringly while, in spite of herself, she enjoyed the experience of trying on one hat after another, until presently, by a process of elimination, the choice was narrowed down to two.

"I really don't know which to choose!" she cried.

Dawkins drew unpleasantly close.

"My dear, suppose you get over the difficulty by having both," he whispered.

"Yes, we will have them both," she agreed; whereupon he inquired the price, took out his pocket case and handed the saleswoman ten guineas in Treasury notes, suggesting that Edith should give her address.

"Did you say Number twelve Parkington Street?" he added.

"Yes, but I shan't have them sent. I prefer to take them. . . ."

"Madam will find the box rather large," said the saleswoman.

"I will put you in a taxi," suggested Dawkins. "You can drop me on your way."

"I have somewhere else to go," said Edith. "But if you will have them ready I will come back in half an hour. You won't be closed?"

"Not till six, Madam."

Her own hat certainly looked a little dingy in comparison with those which surrounded her, and she sighed as she led the way out of the shop.

"You're certain you won't let me give you some tea—an ice or something of that sort?" She declined as positively as his wife had declined to leave Constable Street this afternoon. "Anyhow," he continued, "I shall be going to Fussell's in a day or two. What time do you leave?"

"Half-past four," she returned. "I got away early to-day."

"I shall want to see the new hat, you know," he insisted, and as she did not seem to see his proffered hand, he walked away towards his club, intending to ring up Margaret and say he was prevented from being at home to dine. If she chose to be so confoundedly stubborn, she must take the consequences.

In less than half an hour, Edith was back at Madame Pelisse's, and noticing that the large box tied up in brown paper was not labelled, she astonished the saleswoman by asking that the defect should be remedied. Then, borrowing a pen, she wrote upon the label in her rather large hand:

MRS. LESTER DAWKINS,

31, CONSTABLE STREET, MAYFAIR.

Hastening with her cumbersome parcel to a Boy Messenger office close to Oxford Circus, she arranged for the box to be despatched at once; then, with a contented smile, she walked to Tottenham Court Road, to take the Underground to Hampstead.

It was by no means a rare experience for Mrs. Lester Dawkins to dine alone, even in London, and, of course, it would happen oftener if she allowed herself to be taken to Surrey. As usual, Lester had telephoned that he was unavoidably detained; but, of course, he was still annoyed by her refusal to fall in with his wishes.

She was in the drawing-room, having just sent the two children off to the nursery, wondering whether it was worth while to change her frock, when the parlourmaid entered with a large cardboard box.

"What is that, Mary?" asked Margaret.

"From Madame Pelisse's—a hat," was the answer.

"There must be some mistake. I haven't ordered anything."

"It's addressed to you plainly enough."

As Margaret read the label, she underwent a sudden revulsion of feeling. She had remarked to Lester only yesterday that she must buy a new hat, and he was heaping coals of fire on her head in this way! Yes, while she was imagining him thinking all manner of horrid things about her, he had devotedly turned the other cheek!

"Please open the parcel, Mary!" she cried. "Two hats! How lovely!"

Going to the mirror, she put on first one, then the other, turning for Mary's approval.

"It suits you wonderfully, Madam, considering you didn't choose it yourself," said the parlourmaid.

"You can leave them on the sofa," answered Margaret. Lester would naturally like to see them on when he returned. Perhaps he really was "unavoidably detained." Anyhow, she had been rather horrid to him. She would go upstairs and put on an evening gown after all; he deserved to see her looking her best. She rose from the table after her solitary meal in excellent spirits, and in the drawing-room began to long for his return. In order to while away the time, she thought she would try on the hats again, and was standing before the mirror, when the door opened, and turning swiftly, she confronted her husband, who came to a sudden standstill, recognising the hat which he had seen on the head of Miss Edith West, confound her, a few hours earlier.

"Lester, how tremendously sweet of you!" cried Margaret, bearing impetuously down on him. "And how clever to choose them exactly to suit me—don't you think they do?"

"Admirably," he answered.

"They are both perfectly lovely!"

He raised his hand, rubbing his cheek, and forming a fairly accurate notion of that little devil's game, which, in some mysterious way, seemed to set up a reaction in favour of his wife. No doubt Margaret was looking quite her best this evening, younger and more vivacious than he had seen her for a long time.

"Dearest, why do you look so melancholy?" she asked.

"Oh, well," he muttered, "no man cares to realise what a fool he has been."

"Perhaps," said Margaret, remembering what had passed between them earlier in the day, "the woman was a bit of a fool, too."

"No," he admitted, "to do her justice, she was wise in her generation."

THE END.

This Week's Studdy.



"SUCH STUFF AS DREAMS ARE MADE ON."

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY G. E. STUDDY.



A Rumoured
Royal
Engagement:
The "Mentioned."

1. AT AN ENGLISH
SHOOTING PARTY:
MISS EDWINA ASHLEY
AND LORD LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN.
2. THE GRAND-DAUGHTER OF THE
LATE SIR ERNEST CASSEL
AND A GREAT HEIRESS:
MISS EDWINA ASHLEY.



It is rumoured that the next Royal engagement to be announced will be that of Lord Louis Mountbatten, brother of the Marquess of Milford Haven, and second son of the late Prince Louis of Battenberg (afterwards the first Marquess of Milford Haven), and great grandson of Queen Victoria, to Miss Edwina Ashley, the grand-daughter of the late Sir Ernest Cassel.

Miss Ashley, who is a god-daughter of the late King Edward VII., is one of the richest girls in England, as she inherited a large fortune under her grandfather's will. Both she and Lord Louis Mountbatten are at present in India, where Miss Ashley is a guest of H.E. the Viceroy and Lady Reading.—[Photographs by Alfieri and Lafayette.]

The Hub of the Wheel at the Apollo.



RUTH DANGAN, THE MEMSAHIB OF THE FAGAN DRAMA: MISS PHYLLIS NEILSON-TERRY.

Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry, the daughter of Miss Julia Neilson (Mrs. Fred Terry) and Mr. Fred Terry, has achieved a tremendous personal success as Ruth Dangan, the heroine of "The Wheel," the new drama by Mr. J. B. Fagan, which was recently produced at the Apollo. Her powers of emotional acting are given full scope by

the play, and she succeeds in investing the love-story of an Anglo-Indian Colonel's wife and her disastrous "affaire" with one of her husband's Captains with a magical flavour of romance. Some of the scenes are laid in a Buddhist monastery, and the atmosphere is cleverly employed to add a fresh and piquant taste to the theme.

PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE. EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH."

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BULLDOG DRUMMOND IN A BRIEF MOMENT OF DALLIANCE.





THE HERO AND HEROINE OF "SAPPER'S" "THICK-EAR" PLAY: SIR GERALD DU MAURIER AND MISS OLWEN ROOSE.

Bulldog Drummond, the hero of "Sapper's" successful melodrama at Wyndham's, has to work very hard "downing" villains of the blackest breed before he wins his lady, Phyllis Benton. Our photograph shows Sir Gerald du Maurier as the redoubtable Drummond, with Miss Olwen

Roose as Phyllis, in one of the brief love-making moments which the stirring action of the play allows them to snatch. The Queen arranged to attend the special matinée of the piece given yesterday, March 7, at Wyndham's, in aid of the Newport Market Army Training School.

PHOTOGRAPH BY STAGE PHOTO CO. EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH."

Captained by a 20-Cap Three-Quarter.



AS OUR ARTIST SEES THEM: SOME OF THE BLACKHEATH FIFTEEN.

Blackheath, which claims to be the oldest Rugby Club in existence, has just elected Mr. C. N. Lowe, the famous International three-quarter, captain for the remainder of the season. It is worthy of note that the

new Blackheath skipper has just made his twentieth consecutive appearance for England, and with a more "cap" will equal the numerical record of Mr. J. G. G. Birkett.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY H. F. CROWTHER SMITH.

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The Clubman. By Beveren.

The Luncheon Rush on the Wedding Day.

When on the day of Princess Mary's wedding I came away from the Abbey (I had had a seat—true, a tucked-away one with a section view of only one portion of the historic assembly of distinguished people, but still a seat), it was not long before I found myself an insignificant unit in the largest, jolliest crowd that has turned out in London since pre-war days. You should have heard the laugh when the crowd broke for a motor-car containing an officer in gorgeous uniform—cocked hat with great white plumes held on his knee—to pass. "He must be carrying the wedding-cake!" shouted a stout, red-faced woman in clear, high-pitched Cockney.

I had scrambled a breakfast at an hour when the day had hardly dawned, and an uncommon desire for an early luncheon possessed me.

But on fête days such as that with which London celebrated the royal wedding every West End restaurant is packed to overflowing with excitable people waiting for tables as they become vacant. Also the average Piccadilly and St. James's Street club receives such an influx of wives and women relatives of members that it is wise not to seek luncheon there either. I had worked a way towards the northern side of Trafalgar Square when I remembered Ciro's Club at the back of the National Gallery. And that was the inspiration. I found myself a very early arrival. Harry, the cocktail-mixer, and myself were almost alone when I called for a "Monkey's Gland." I lunched with dignity, before the usual rush began, and reflected that to be a member of the restaurant-dance clubs will be increasingly useful if London, as the times improve, has a succession of sight-seeing spectacles.

Sir Squire and "Mary Rose."

The past week has seen a spirit of goodwill, of joyfulness, rare indeed in these days. The Princess's wedding unlocked warm feelings in many a heart grown crusted with the trials and disappointments of the last few years. The week began well with the Actors' Benevolent Fund dinner at the Savoy, at which Lady Wyndham, the first woman to occupy the chair, presided, and Sir Squire Bancroft made one of the most impressive orations of his long career. And Sir Squire is one of the few men of the day who can uplift a speech with touches of real eloquence and emotion.

When he spoke the passage, "I find myself the only straggler of the old brigade—still ready to take what we call a small utility part in helping on the fund, still taking part in the drama of this world's mysterious struggle," there was a hush over the great, brilliant gathering that comes only when an audience is profoundly moved.

Sir Squire, as he so often does, referred to Barrie's play, "Mary Rose." It is a play

that has influenced deeply, and perhaps comforted, the later years of his life—since the death of his beloved wife. He told me a few days ago that he must have seen it a dozen times.

The Dancers.

One thing that occurred to me during the speeches was that when women preponderate—which they did at the Actors' Benevolent Fund dinner—the applause is always so much more restrained. It is a fact I have noticed many times; and this seems strange, because at the play women usually clap their hands more heartily than do their men companions.

After the speeches the Savoy ball-room showed a wonderful spectacle. Nearly all the best-known actors and actresses were dancing waltz and fox-trot. One saw Miss Fay Compton dancing with her new husband, and Miss Gladys Cooper with Mr. Ivor Novello, Mr. Harry Green and Miss Madge Titheradge, Mr. Aubrey Smith and Miss Lilian Braithwaite, and Genée (young-looking, and perhaps rather more solemn than of yore), and

All for the nation's good, very likely, but club set luncheons may in consequence have to become less generous in variety."

The "Humorist of the House."

Mr. Macquisten, the Scottish Unionist who has been described as "the humorist of the House," is much more than a teller of amusing stories. I sat next him a few nights ago at a dinner of the Bohemians—a newly formed London gathering whose mission is to spend an occasional evening by dining at the Café Royal and by listening to songs and to stories well told.

The night I was there the company included Sir E. Marshall Hall, Sir H. Curtis Bennett, General Surtees, Sir Charles Higham, M.P., Mr. Macquisten, Mr. Hayden Coffin, and Colonel Grant Morden. There was a handsome walking-stick for the member or guest who told what was voted to be the best story, and Sir Edward Marshall Hall won after a tie with Mr. Macquisten. All the stories were well told, though hardly one of them seemed to be new.

All the same, during the dinner Mr. Macquisten's talk to me was about the deficiencies of our modern system of elementary education. This Scottish M.P. hankers after the old village school where Duke's son and labourer's son met on common ground and got to know each other.

Nikitina's Lost Address.

Mlle. Nikitina, the charming Russian who is one of the principals in the new revue at the New Oxford, does not speak English. She has learned that such a disability may have awkward results in London. The porter at her hotel kept written down for her the name of the theatre at which she was rehearsing and the address of Mr. C. B. Cochran, who is presenting the revue. Mr. and Mrs. Cochran live in a most charming small house in Aldford Street, near Park Lane.

Unfortunately for Nikitina, the porter left and did not hand on the important information to his successor.

Nikitina went out valiantly, convinced she could direct a cabman to Aldford Street. Her first effort landed her in a distant part of St. John's Wood.

Picture's Adventurous History.

At the Grosvenor Galleries a picture, "The Gate of the Antarctic," is being shown. It is the place where Shackleton died on board the *Quest*, and where his body is buried. It is a picture with a history. It was painted out South by Mr. Marston, one of the members of Sir Ernest's 1914 expedition. It was shipped on the *Endurance*, and when the *Endurance* was crushed by the ice and abandoned, the picture was recovered after a special search.

When the members of that expedition took to open boats the picture still accompanied them; also during the four months when the explorers lay marooned on Elephant Island waiting for the relief which Shackleton at last brought them.



THE SPECIAL TRAIN WHICH TOOK PRINCESS MARY AND VISCOUNT LASCELLES TO SHIFNAL: THE FLOWER-DECKED SALOON.

Princess Mary and her husband, Viscount Lascelles, started off on their honeymoon in a special train consisting of five coaches. Our photograph shows the interior of their saloon. It was hung with green and decorated with pink carnations.—[Photograph by T.P.A.]

Mr. Dennis Eadie (a most industrious fox-trotter), and Miss Viola Tree, Miss Lena Ashwell, Miss Violet Vanbrugh, and Lady Hawtrey; and Lady Wyndham, herself a devotee of dancing for exercise's sake, taking a turn with that other steadfast pursuer of exercise, Mr. Harry Preston. It was indeed an extraordinarily interesting occasion.

The Difference.

The secretary of one of the small exclusive clubs was explaining to me that it was difficult in these days of slump and uncertainty to keep a club going. "We have a bar," he said, "and you know how the bar takings influence a club's finances. We have forty per cent. more members than we did two years ago, but at that time the bar receipts averaged from £30 to £40 a day. Now they have sunk to an average of £7. There is no doubt that the young man of to-day is economising on his drinks, and that 'You'll have another?' is an invitation that is heard less in the land.



The Literary Lounger. By Keble Howard.

Fresh Air.

The longer I live—which sounds much pleasanter than “the older I get”—the more I love to read of happenings in the fresh air. The daily papers, I am glad to say, devote quite a lot of space to fresh-air events. I know nothing about horse-racing, and seldom back a horse; but there is a fascination about descriptions of race-meetings that I do not find in verbatim reports of Parliamentary activities.

Golf, of course, occupies columns and columns of the daily Press. I may not be an expert in the intricacies of the Money Market, but I could pass an examination with honours on what Mr. Hilton thinks of dog-legged holes. And when Mr. Greenwood tells me that Mr. Tolley's ball struck a tree and flew at right angles into a clump of gorse I feel

your face! You can hear those three whistles from the little tug, and you can see her disappearing in the distance as the morning sun just peeps over the far horizon. And then you gaze over the tremendous expanse of empty ocean, and wonder what adventures await you on the other side!

Half the secret of the immortality of “Robinson Crusoe” lies, I am sure, in the fact that he lived in the open air close to the sea-shore. You ought to go back to those books for a while, you grown man and grown lady. Leave your pink passions and your torn souls and your domestic infelicities and your boudoirs and powder-puffs and lip-sticks and all the other indoor stuff for a while, and get out into the open with the writers who know how to make you tingle with the glories of sun, and sea, and sky, and rain, and the winds of God beating in your face! To hell with all that hospital stuff! We're still only a

a moment! I clung to my little horse, as if for safety and protection. I laid my head on his neck, and felt almost calm. . . . I awoke; it was dark, dark night—not a star was to be seen—but I felt no fear, the horror had left me.”

Which reminds me of a raid night in London. It was a bad raid; a lot of innocent people were done to death in the wreckage of their humble homes. I happened to be in a building which was shaken to its foundations by a bomb which shattered a row of houses near by. The place was full of women—brave, chattering gay nonsense, but very white.

I could not stand the tension, so I went out into the street and looked for the raiders. The canopy of heaven was still and peaceful; the night wind blew refreshingly in my face; in a twinkling the nervous suspense of indoors was gone. After that, I always knew what to do in a raid.



THE ASHFORD VALLEY HOUNDS MEET AT HARBORNE HOUSE: A GROUP ON THE STEPS OF MR. C. P. VOLTOS' RESIDENCE.

Photograph by De'Ath and Condon.

healthier and happier for the remainder of the day.

If fresh air in daily journalism is so delightful, how could one withstand the enchantment of fresh air in fiction? For myself, I surrender completely to Stevenson, and Conrad, and Frank Bullen. The sea! There is nothing to beat a good tale of the sea for the Englishman with the salt of the ocean in his blood! I like my sea-stories to start at the quayside, in one of those little dark offices with small windows that command a view of slowly moving ships. I like to get soaked in the “atmosphere” of the sea before the actual voyage begins. And then, at last, comes the magic moment!

“Outside the heads, as if to meet my desire, we found it blowing fresh from the north-east. No time had been lost. The sun was not yet up before the tug cast off the hawser, gave us a salute of three whistles, and turned homeward toward the coast, which now began to gleam along its margin with the earliest rays of day. There was no other ship in view when the *Norah Creina*, lying over under all plain sail, began her long and lonely voyage to the wreck.”

A Rest for Indoor Stuff.

Is that the way to do it, or is it not? Yes, it is. From the moment he says “Outside the heads” the fellow's got you! You can positively feel that fresh north-easter on

convalescent nation, and convalescents want, above all things, fresh air.

A Month with Borrow.

You may retort that you do not care for books about the sea, that the salt of the ocean is *not* in your blood, and that the mere smell of a ship is enough to make you squeamish. Very well. I sympathise with that; but there are magical books which will take you into the open and seldom lead you to the sea.

Do you know your George Borrow so well that you need never take him from your shelves? (It is a mistake, by the way, to shun an old book because you know it backwards—or think you do. But that is another topic for another week.) “I am in the dingle making a horse-shoe.” Can you go on? If it comes to that, what is a dingle?

Do you remember when he had the horrors, and how he was comforted by the little horse?

“After a little time I arose, and staggered down yet farther into the dingle. I again found my little horse on the same spot as before, I put my hand to his mouth; he licked my hand. I flung myself down by him and put my arms round his neck, the creature whinnied, and appeared to sympathise with me; what a comfort to have anyone, even a dumb brute, to sympathise with me at such

A Jolly, Virile Writer.

Which gives me an opportunity of repaying several debts I owe to a writer who has taken me over the seas and across the moors, and always left me refreshed and exhilarated. His name is Victor Bridges, and his latest story is called “Greensea Island: A Mystery of the Essex Coast.” Perhaps you have read it. If not, send a line to Messrs. Mills and Boon, and they will know how to get you out of your difficulty.

I suppose superior people sneer at the works of Mr. Victor Bridges. He, for his part, is not a bit superior. He revels in food, drink, fresh air, and adventure. I never knew a writer who talked so easily and so eloquently about food and drink. Dickens was pretty good at that sort of thing, but Mr. Bridges simply leaves Dickens standing. And one of the great joys of him is that his people always eat and drink the things you like yourself.

If I were a doctor I should recommend Victor Bridges to my patients who were suffering from lack of appetite. He would soon put them right. He has the exact meal for every occasion. “I glanced down at the rack of nicely browned toast, the tempting heap of scrambled egg, and the little white rolls of fresh butter.” That is for a man who has been knocked on the head, pitched into a dock, half-drowned, rescued, and is feeling a little better. No hospital nurse could do it more attractively.

[Continued overleaf.]

Ballad-Singer and Operatic Star: A Peerless Artist.



THE GREAT RUSSIAN VOCALIST: M. FEODOR CHALIAPIN.

M. Feodor Chaliapin, the famous Russian operatic singer, is justly idolised by the public, and, at his recent concert, the Albert Hall was crowded to its utmost capacity. His extra recital at the Queen's Hall last week again drew great crowds, and his programme was a particularly interesting one, as it showed the magic which the great operatic star can

wield as a ballad-singer. For instance, he sang Varlaam's song from "Boris"—a number which one will never hear him sing on the stage, as it belongs to a minor part in the opera of his most famous impersonation. Chaliapin is undoubtedly a consummate artist, and is always certain of a splendid reception.—[*Photograph by Walter Thomas.*]

And he is just as clever about drink. He knows to a nicety when a man should have a drink, and what that drink should be, and sees to it that the drink is provided. You come to expect this thoughtfulness of him, and you are not in the least surprised, but very glad, when the hero becomes the heir to a lonely house on a lonely island with a cellar stuffed full of vintage wines and pre-war whisky. (I suppose all that part of the book will be blacked out in the United States of America, the home of the brave, the free, and the thirsty.)

Cheerful Crime. However, don't run away with the idea that Mr. Bridges writes mainly of food and drink. He does not. Being a human writer, he *must* nourish his characters (I have been accused of the same thing myself, and was cut out of the will of a wealthy aunt because one of my early heroes took, as she thought, too many whiskies - and - sodas), but his main characteristic is a cheerful way of dealing with crime and criminals that nobody else, so far as I know, has so persistently attempted.

He likes to make your flesh creep, but all the time he pats your hand, as though to say, "I know this is a bit exciting, and the bloodhound has been shot, and the faithful manservant knocked on the head, and there are two ruthless men with revolvers peeping at the hero through cracks in the shutters—good, eh?—but don't be unduly alarmed. He isn't. He's going to have a drink, and then he'll light a Corona cigar, and I daresay we shall find some way out of the tangle."

"Having regard to the important day's work ahead of me, I decided that it would be a wise precaution to turn in early. [This on a deserted island, mark you, with a couple of good murderers after him.] A generous allowance of sleep is necessary to my constitution if I wish to be at my best and brightest—a fact which the various skippers I have served under have persistently failed to notice. Being now my own master, however, there seemed to be no point in running any unnecessary risks, so at ten precisely I let Satan out for his nightly sentry-go, and, having locked up the house, retired peacefully to bed. [You hold your breath.] As a reward for this act of virtue," continues our blithe author, "I woke up feeling remarkably fit and cheerful."

He has fooled you again. Just one more tiny bit I must quote. It is so typically Bridgesque. The hero and a naval friend spend the night in the lonely house expecting attack at any moment. The hero goes to bed, of course. In the grey light of early morning the naval friend awakens him. Now for it, you think.

"Anything happened?" I enquired. "I've been sleeping like a log."

"The champagne's finished," he announced with a grin. "There's no other news that I can think of at the moment."

I have already confessed that I know nothing about horse-racing, but I swear that I have read every word of the sporting reminiscences that Mr. Harding Cox has written called "Chasing and Racing." This I claim to be a highly creditable feat (on my part), for there are whole passages, here and there, which mean less to me than Sanskrit—which I did not take as an extra subject for Honour Theol.

Mr. Harding Cox is just as unassuming in his style as Mr. Victor Bridges, and you know that what he sets down is true. You learn—at least, I did—all the time. You

get the inside gossip of the Turf. You ride races, you lay wagers, you win, you lose, you mix with every class of society from dukes to stable-boys, and you are even so intimate with the late King Edward VII. that you venture to kick his favourite dog and get reproved.



AUTHOR OF GRAND GUIGNOL PLAYS AND A THREE-ACT DRAMA: MR. E. CRAWSHAY WILLIAMS.

"Amends" and "Cupboard Love" are two of the brilliant Grand Guignol plays by Mr. E. Crawshaw Williams which are now running at the Little Theatre, and "E. and O.E." was a remarkable play from his pen which was given previously. Considerable interest has been aroused by the fact that this brilliant young playwright has written a "full-length" drama which is to be produced shortly at a West End theatre.

Photograph by Vaughan and Freeman.

"I remember having a wager with the V.G.P. [Very Great Personage] that Newhaven II. would beat a certain nominee of



THE OWNER OF PRINCESS MARY'S ITALIAN HONEYMOON HOUSE: LADY SYBIL SCOTT.

Lady Sybil Scott is the second daughter of the fifth Earl of Desart, and the owner of the Villa Medici, which she is lending to Princess Mary and Viscount Lascelles for the latter part of their honeymoon. Lady Sybil's mother is a sister of the Earl of Harewood, so she is a first cousin of Lord Lascelles.—[Photograph by Bassano.]

his in the Ascot Cup when I became aware that Peter [the favourite dog aforesaid] was making a devastating raid on the pedestal which displayed cakes, *petits fours*, and other

confections. He was just within range of my foot, so I administered a gentle correction. This kick was by no means a hefty one, but the revengeful Peter set up a loud lamentation, which immediately arrested the attention of his Royal Master who exclaimed

"Why, what's the matter with Peter? Has anyone hurt you, Peter?"

"I took the bull by the horns! 'He was raiding the cakes, Sir!' I said, 'so I pushed him with my foot. He is not hurt, only startled.'"

"Now that was very naughty of Peter; but you must not kick him," replied the V. G. P. rather severely.

"When the company broke up my hostess addressed me: 'You've done it now, Harding. You'll be outside in a pot hat now!' But she was wrong. I was still in quite good odour with royalty."

The hostess, by the way, was Mrs. Langtry. Mr. Harding Cox is evidently devoted to dumb animals, for which I esteem him, but I wish he would cut out two lines which refer to his horse Roscidus—

"I have managed to forget what the ultimate fate of this degenerate was—something with shafts and a cart-whip in it, I hope." I am sure he hopes nothing of the kind—and neither does the gentle Mr. John Lane, whose Bodley Head-ed firm publish the volume.

Fresh Air and Blood.

The works of Zane Grey were unknown to me until a parcel arrived from Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton containing a novel entitled "To the Last Man."

Mr. (or is it possibly Mrs.?) Zane Grey leads off with a preface that led me to expect great things. "Never in the history of the world were ideals needed so terribly as now. Walter Scott wrote romance; so did Victor Hugo; and likewise Kipling, Hawthorne, Stevenson. . . . People live for the dream in their hearts. And I have yet to know anyone who has not some secret dream, some hope, however dim, some storied wall to look at in the dusk, some painted window leading to the soul."

Right. Good. Off we go.

We are in Arizona, where the Isbels breed cattle and the Jorths breed sheep. The sheep, apparently, eat too much grass, but that is not the real cause of the feud. Old man Isbel and old man Jorth loved the same girl, and Jorth stole her away from Isbel. Then the handsome young Isbel falls in love with the beautiful young Ellen Jorth, and the Montagues and the Capulets are at it once again.

Slaughter? I have never come across so much slaughter in one small volume of fiction. Well, the title tells you what happens. They all kill each other until only one man is left—one man and one lovely girl. But the one surviving man is the handsome young Isbel, and the girl is—

Seven-and-six for that lot. Mind you, I don't say it isn't worth it. How do I know your taste? If you like sudden deaths, you can't expect more for the money. And the book is earnestly written—not a quip or crank in the whole of it.

But I am a little puzzled as to why cousin Zane (that's safe) dragged in Walter Scott, Victor Hugo, Kipling, Hawthorne, and Stevenson.

Greenslee Island. By Victor Bridges. (Mills and Boon, 7s. 6d.) Chasing and Racing. By Harding Cox. (The Bodley Head; 12s. 6d.) To the Last Man. By Zane Grey. (Hodder and Stoughton; 7s. 6d.)

"At Home" Portraits of a Duchess and Her Daughters.



THE FOUR UNMARRIED DAUGHTERS OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF BUCCLEUCH: THE LADIES ALICE, MARY, MARGARET, AND ANGELA SCOTT (L. TO R.).



THE ELDEST DAUGHTER OF THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH:
LADY MARGARET SCOTT.

The Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch have five daughters and three sons. Their eldest son, the Earl of Dalkeith, married Miss Molly Lascelles (a connection of Princess Mary's husband) last year; and their second daughter is the wife of Mr. C. B. H. Phipps, 1st Life Guards. Our photographs show the Duchess and her four unmarried daughters at



THE DAUGHTER OF THE FOURTH EARL OF BRADFORD AND WIFE
OF THE SEVENTH DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH: THE DUCHESS OF BUCCLEUCH.

home. Lady Margaret has been acting as chatelaine of Bowhill, Roxburghshire, during her mother's absence. The Duchess has been ill, and spent some time recuperating at Bournemouth and in London. Lady Alice Scott is the third daughter of the Duchess, and was born in 1901; Lady Mary is three years younger; and Lady Angela was born in 1906.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAFAYETTE, EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH."



GOSSIP FROM THE HUNTING WORLD.



From the Belvoir Country. Major Bouch, the Master, arrived rather late when these hounds met at Scal-ford. There was a large field, which included General Vaughan, Mrs. Wardell, Mr. Coleman, Sir Gerald Hanson, and Lady Irene Curzon—the last-named was complaining loudly because her horse was mad fresh. Scent was not very good. Much better sport was shown when these hounds kept their appointment at Great Gonerby. Their first fox was found in Jericho; hounds hunted him through the covert out by Jericho Farm, where he went

From the Cottesmore.

There is no better place for a meet than Stapleford Park, and a large field turned out when these hounds met in front of the old Hall the other day. Refreshments were dispensed with a generous hand and were much appreciated. Those present included Earl Beatty, looking very bronzed and well; Lord Burghersh, Lady Ancaster, Mr. Oliver Birkbeck, Major and Mrs. Burns Hartopp; Mr. Renall, who was on foot talking to the Hon. Hope Prothero; Lady Cooper, the Hon. Mrs. Gretton, and little Lord Northland and his brother. The two last-named are very keen and are to be seen at every meet within hacking distance of Melton. Laxton's was the first covert drawn, where several foxes were found; one was hunted back to Laxton's. Hounds eventually went away over the famous Whissendine Brook, leaving the village on their left, running their fox to ground in Ranksboro' Gorse.

In "Beaufortshire."

The fact that we number one of the bridesmaids—Lady Mary Cambridge—amongst our following gives the Royal Wedding an interest to hunting people here; whilst we have enough representatives invited to the Abbey—including the Duchess of Beaufort (who took a party to the Albert Hall Ball), Lady St. Germans, Lady Diana,

Scent has been bad again lately, Newman and Lord Worcester each scoring one good gallop only all the week—a hunt over the Bushton Vale with the dog hounds, and a good thing from Cream Gorse with the lady pack, when the Sherston race-course came into play. Baron de Tuyl gave us a lawn meet and the cheering stirrup-cap at Little Sodbury Manor one day.

The Strangers Within Our Gates.

What a lot of strangers have appeared! Opinions seem divided as to whether this is a matter for congratulation or otherwise. There are so many pros and cons. From the artistic point of view the gain is immense; a good sprinkling of pink coats amongst the blue brightens the spectacle, like the dashing effect of gay geraniums mingling with sober lobelias. There is something cheering about a pink coat; something a wee bit depressing in a blue one. And by the end of the season, when we are all just a *leettle* tired of one another, new people, new horses, new "news," are all rather pleasant, even mildly exciting; whilst, from the financial point of view, new money is an asset undoubtedly.

On the other hand, there were quite enough of us already, and everything's a-growing and a-blowing, and the dear old farmers, bless them, pull long faces at the sight of even bigger and less local crowds. Now their emerald pastures are bushed—in those pretty stripes—they don't feel *frightfully* hospitable to the pilgrim from afar. But we're going to give them all a jolly good lunch at the point-to-point, and we aren't going into the Dauntsey Vale to keep up Ash Wednesday, for fear of doing damage with a big field as late on as this, though it is a sad break with an ancient tradition, and the self-denial thus exercised makes us all feel virtuously Lentish this year.

Blackmore Vale Doings.

The Blackmore Vale had a record field out the other Saturday, which included many visitors down for the Hunt Ball, which took place the previous night. The Beaufort Hunt was well represented by Captain Spicer,

[Continued on page x.]



AT THE CHRIST CHURCH POINT-TO-POINT STEEPLECHASES AT ODDINGTON: LADY ROLLS AND MRS. CHICHESTER (LEFT).

Photograph by Alfieri.

to ground in a rabbit-burrow. Digging operations started at once, but news was brought that another fox had gone away on the far side. Hounds were immediately put on, and a wonderful gallop resulted. This fox headed straight for Bees Gorse, over the North Road and across the Foston Beck. Scent was excellent, and pace improved every minute; after a few more fields at top speed, hounds ran into him in a ditch near Marston. The run lasted twenty-five minutes.

From the Quorn.

Brooksby Hall is a lovely place for a meet, and the Quorn had one of their best runs this season. The weather was glorious and the scent excellent. Lord Beatty, unfortunately, was not out, and Mrs. Higson was still *hors de combat* with a bad chill. Captain Higson brought a carload from Burton Hall, which included Mrs. Hone, Captain Hone, the Hon. Mrs. Mansfield, and Miss Hone. Lady Eileen Clarke arrived very early in her "flying bedstead," and her little girl was most anxious to be photographed by one of the many Press photographers present. Sir Henry Detterding came over from Sysonby; it was nice to see him out again. Mrs. Webber, who is one of the best-looking women in the county, was driving herself and family in her pony cart. Horses were all very fresh, and I saw several people in difficulties. One man, who usually hunts with the Meynell, got shed at the meet—his chestnut hireling being even then a little too much for him! Bad luck pursued him, as his horse fell at the third fence and rolled heavily on him; but except for aches and pains, no serious damage was done.



LORD ST. OSWALD'S BROTHER AT ODDINGTON: THE HON. REGINALD H. WINN.

The Hon. Reginald H. Winn is the second of Lord St. Oswald's three brothers. He rode Boherleon in the House Grind at the Christ Church Point-to-Point Meeting.—[Photograph by Alfieri.]

and Lord Worcester; the Holfords, Evelyn Gibbess, Brintons, Stanleys, and Cators—for first-hand descriptions to circulate in due course.

One was reminded of war tragedies the other day, when the field included two gallant soldiers who each lost an arm in the war—Lord Gough and Captain Gibbs; and another who lost a leg—Captain Walker, of Great House, at Chipping Sodbury. The latter uses a clever device of air-bags, attached to the front of his saddle, which keep him in position. The one-armed horsemen find that a strap, sewn to connect the reins near the end, enables them to pick them up easily. They all go the best, though needing—and deserving—mannered horses, and we take off our hats to them, every time.



AT THE CHRIST CHURCH POINT-TO-POINT MEETING AT ODDINGTON: VISCOUNT RIDLEY.

Viscount Ridley, the third Viscount, was born in 1902, and succeeded his father in 1916. He rode Shotton in the Newton Cup at the Oddington Steeplechase Meeting.—[Photograph by Alfieri.]

Carrying on Family Tradition at Wolverhampton.



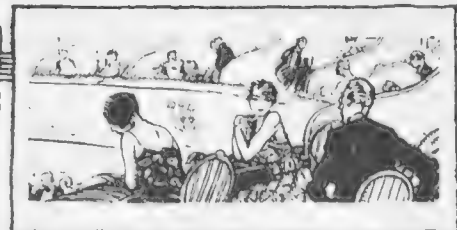
THE WIFE OF SIR ROBERT BIRD, WHO HAS JUST SUCCEEDED HIS FATHER:
LADY BIRD.

Lady Bird is the wife of Sir Robert Bland Bird, second Baronet, who is contesting, in the Coalition interest, the seat for Wolverhampton West made vacant by the death of his father, Sir Alfred Bird, first Baronet. Sir Alfred Bird represented Wolverhampton West from 1910 till his

death. He was made a Knight in 1912, and, raised to the Baronetcy in the New Year's Honours list of this year. Lady Bird, who is a devotee of winter sports, is a clever woman, and has taken a leading part in the development of the Women's Institutes movement.

Portrait Study by Bertram Park.

Plays — Without Prejudice.



You imagine (don't you just?) when they begin to talk to you about a new musical comedy that you know all about it before the curtain goes up. The cheerful tumult of the Opening Chorus in the Market Place at Kiki-sur-Mer (*Harker*). The young ladies who walk brightly up and down and sing loudly as they go. But not loudly enough to drown the band. The knot which gathers (centre stage) round the young person who knows all about the plot and confides it archly to the ladies of the chorus. The avenue which forms suddenly right up the middle of the stage from the conductor's parting to the steps at the back just up against the scenery. And then, oh then, the winsome, the incomparable entrance of the Leading Lady (cue for band). Not forgetting Zozo the barber (funny man—with comic shampooing scene). And that, you observe wearily, is Musical Comedy.

Well, you are wrong again. So there. Rose Ladies. Because you will

find, if you take the trouble to get as far as Daly's and they can manage to find standing room for you, a very, an entirely different article. Dutiable, perhaps, under the Safeguarding of Industries Act. But then, most really nice things are—and they will be repealing it soon, won't they? Because, you know, it comes from Abroad—that nice place just past Charing Cross. And the music is by Jean Gilbert. But the music, oddly enough, is the least memorable thing about it. Pleasant enough—and even haunting at times—it carries you through the evening. But the real *clou* of the evening is the play itself and the very charming *décor*.

Time and Place.

One escapes completely with "The Lady of the Rose" from Kravonia and Hentzau and Deauville and Hurlingham and all the hackneyed resorts haunted by musical-comedy librettists. And one gets right into Italy in the early nineteenth century, when dresses were pretty to see, and brutal Austrians domineered over a respectful but rebellious peasantry. Miss Phyllis Dare and Mr. Roy Royston were enjoying the southern sunshine of their native land somewhere on the road from Venice to Milan, when Mr. Huntley Wright drifted in as an artistic pedlar who combined the designing of silhouette portraits with running errands for the Italian national movement. To them enter suddenly an Austrian army awfully arrayed—and, incidentally,

its uniforms were one of the delights of the evening. For once accuracy had not been sacrificed to the narrow limits of the costumier's stock, and the result was a stage full of Kaiserliks whom it was a pleasure to look at—never forgetting two Hungarian Hussars who had come straight out of the armies which fought against Frederick the Great. Their commander, remembering his responsi-



MISS NORMA TALMADGE AND MR. CHARLES RICHMAN IN THE GLADYS COOPER AND GEORGE TULLY RÔLES OF "THE SIGN ON THE DOOR": A "STILL" OF THE FILMED DRAMA.

This photograph shows the happy ending of "The Sign on the Door" in its film form. The part of the District Attorney who puts everything straight for Mr. and Mrs. "Lafe" Regan is played by Mr. Paul McAllister in the screen version of the Playhouse success.

bility to the old rhyme, boldly by battery besieged Miss Phyllis Dare. And, since he was Mr. Harry Welchman, one expected an

adequate display of musical-comedy gallantry. But what one did not expect—and most delightedly got—was a piece of first-rate acting in which he drew a gloomy, violent military gentleman who quite obviously hailed from Central Europe, and owed little (beyond his good impulses in the last Act) to the normal ethics of musical comedy. It was really a distinguished and intelligent performance, and Mr. Welchman is to be congratulated.

Incidental ladies, as they ought to say on the programme,

1830. were provided by Miss Ivy Tresmand and Miss Winnie Collins. Supported, to put it correctly, by the *corps de ballet* of La Scala, who wore the most charming 1830 clothes. And whoever had the designing of them (it was Comelli) has found the prettiest blend of soft colours. Every movement of the green and yellow and Wedgwood blue ladies of the chorus was a pleasure to watch. And they blended delightfully with the real Austrians of the stage army.

The whole affair—it has a real plot and real characters

A Real Play. —was more than several cuts above the average. Always light, it manages to present situations without unduly interrupting them with irrelevant songs,

and to give pretty music without punctuating it with intervals of tedious drama in which so often one can hear the creak of the librettist's machinery. Miss Dare and Mr. Welchman act the little piece to perfection, and it is set in a charming background. One would like to see many, many more like it. But not until—in about four years' time—we have done with "The Lady of the Rose."

And Music.

So there, for once in the hackneyed London scene, is a musical play which really is what it proclaims itself. And you should all go and see for yourselves. Because it is a pleasure to see the acting of the principals in the melodious world of a real comedy with music. The interesting plot is not the least of the attractions of "The Lady of the Rose" either. We have got it into our heads that musical comedies can't be as good now as they were in the magic period of "before the war," but if we go to Daly's now it'll "larn" us on that point.



THE FILM VERSION OF "THE SIGN ON THE DOOR": "LAFF" REGAN SHOOTS DEVEREAUX.

The stage success, "The Sign on the Door," has made a splendid film, which was recently shown at the Alhambra, and is now at various picture-houses all over the country. Mr. Lew Cody and Mr. Charles Richman are the "silent stage" actors who took the parts of Devereaux and "Lafe" Regan, played on the "speaking stage" by Mr. Leslie Faber and Mr. George Tully. Miss Norma Talmadge, who is seen at the door, took Miss Gladys Cooper's part.



*An all-British Creation designed and executed by Isobel
of Maddox Street, Regent Street, London, W.1., and Harrogate.*

Through a Glass Lightly.



laden with someone else's washing, the enormous bulk of which she nursed clumsily, kept calling to the conductor to let her know when she came to the end of her twopenny fare. The bus stopped at an official station in Piccadilly, whereon, beckoning

her with a cheery gesture, the conductor yelled down the aisle of the bus: "'Ere y'are, lidy; the Ritz."

The more often a man falls in love the less likely is he to remain in it.

It is an unforgivable error to refer to a woman's smile as artless. Artful—yes.

Half the world doesn't know what the other half is doing. My word, if it did!

A Winning Hazard.

A tourist staying at a San Francisco hotel was known to be a man of considerable wealth. But he had one strange peculiarity; he always insisted on being attended to by the same hall porter, the same "bell-hop," and the same coon waiter, upon all of whom he bestowed lavish tips. The other nigger waiters became very jealous, and each in his turn tried to secure the generous patron for himself. The guest, however, would invariably delay his meal until he could be served by the waiter of his choice. One morning he arrived at the breakfast table and was greeted by his pet waiter with: "Goo' morn' Sah! Ah'll jess send yo' yo' new waitah." The coon disappeared, and up shuffled another nigger, all smiles and obeisance. "What's the matter with my waiter?" asked the guest, with some irritation. "Well, Sah, it's jess dis way," explained Coon Number Two. "Me an' 'im las' night done went 'n 'ad a game o' dice—yo' know, Sah, shootin' de craps. Well, Sah, I 'se speak'n de Lord's truth when I tells yo' dat I fust won dat nigger's money, den I won dat nigger's watch an' his insurance policy, an' den, Sah, sure as de Lord's in 'eaven, I won you."

How things have changed! My flapper now declares that when she gets married it will be to a man without a reputation—so that she may enjoy the fun of helping to make one for him.

Ultimatum. "Tell me," said the actor, who had listened patiently to the vituperations of a dramatic critic anent the poverty of the stage and the lack of perfect actors—"tell me, whom do you consider to be a finished actor?" "A dead one," said the critic.

Why are birds, at this time of the year, like banking institutions? Easy. Because they issue promissory notes and rejoice when the branches flourish.

"What!" I said to a lady friend who prides herself on giving the very best dinner parties ever—"what! Another new cook? Why, what's the matter with the last? Thought you said she was good." "Oh, yes," was the reply. "She was quite a good cook, as cooks go; and as cooks always go, she went."

There was a young flirt of Bermuda, Who declared that a fellow had wooed her.

He said: "No that's a lie; For the wooed one was I." And for slander he summarily sued her. SPFX.



THE HEADMASTER OF ETON AS HORSEMAN: DR. ALINGTON AND ONE OF HIS DAUGHTERS.

Dr. Cyril Alington has been Headmaster of Eton since 1916. He married the younger daughter of the fourth Baron Lyttelton, and has two sons and four daughters. Dr. Alington was at one time Headmaster of Shrewsbury, and from 1909-10 was Select Preacher to the University of Oxford, and was sometime Examining Chaplain to the Bishop of Lichfield. He is the author of "A Schoolmaster's Apology" and "Shrewsbury Fables."—[Photo. by Farrington Photo. Co.]



A FOLLOWER OF THE PYTCHLEY—IN "VÉRONIQUE": MISS SYLVIA RENTON, AT THE MATINÉE IN AID OF THE NORTHAMPTON C.C.

Miss Sylvia Renton, a well-known follower of the Pytchley, was responsible for a successful matinée in aid of the Northampton Cricket Club. She is a clever amateur actress and took part in the programme. Our photograph shows her, as Véronique in a scene which included the popular "Dear Little Donkey" number.—[Photograph by C.P.P.]

How It Works. This is one for and against the Englishman (according to the way in which it is interpreted), by way of a change from the usual scoring off the Yank. An English business man, who had a fair connection with the United States, paid a visit to "God's Country" in order to study what the Americans call the Efficiency System. While discussing the system with a prosperous New York business man in a sumptuous down-town office, he inquired if there were not some personal secret about it all, apart from electric appliances, indexing methods, and so on. "There sure is," replied the New Yorker. "Watch this." He pressed a button. Immediately there appeared a page-boy. To him he said: "Get right along to my rooms in the Square. The man 'll let you in. Go to my study. In the top right-hand drawer you 'll find a sealed, unaddressed package. Fetch it here." He took out a "chiming" watch, placed it on the table, and, without taking any notice of his English visitor, spoke to the watch at intervals, thus: "That kid's on the ground floor now . . . he's crossing the street . . . he's caught a tram . . . he's getting off . . . he's running across the square . . . he's at the door . . . it's opened by my man . . . he explains . . . he's got the package . . . he's running back across the square . . . he's caught a tram . . . he's got off . . . he's crossing the street . . . he's on the ground floor . . . he's here . . . come in!" And the page entered with package all complete: "Wonderful!" was all the Englishman could utter. A year later the American visited the Englishman and asked how the personal system was working. "Splendid!" said the pupil. "Watch this." And he went through exactly the same detail right the way as far as the "Come in," when the page entered and said, "Sorry, Sir; but I've forgotten your address."

Useful Advice. Of all the joy-provoking incidents associated with the Royal Wedding, one of the best was given me first hand by the very policeman who was responsible for its creation. This particular London Bobby was on duty on the Sunday previous to the wedding at a notable spot in the Mall. He was approached by a decidedly American-looking lady who addressed him thus: "Say, officer, c'n you advise me as to where I should stand in order to get the best view of Tuesday's Royal show?" The Bobby, catching the spirit and the accent, to say nothing of the idiom, replied briskly, "Stand right there where you are, Madam, till it comes along."

Convention is the kerbstone that keeps weak-minded people from being involved in the traffic tide of passion.

The "Puffeck Lidy." The motor-bus conductor is gradually recovering that almost lost art of Cockney repartee and merry persiflage. The other day a thoroughly Belcherian "lidy,"

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Motor Dicta. By Gerald Biss.

Paris Salon in the Balance.

Gallic automobildom has always bubbled, effervesced and boiled down again every other year at least since it arrogated to itself the premier place in the motoring world. True to tradition, the same thing is happening this year—as usual! The big firms and the little firms, the old firms and the young firms, cannot see eye to eye; and France, having lost the lead,

Automobildom. But, as I say, the young brethren in Gaul are kicking good and hard and don't propose to sit down under such a suggestion. In fact, in typical Gallic fashion, they propose to appeal to the Government to assist them to hold a revolutionary show on their own. Ye gods and baby whitebait, just fancy appealing to our Board of Trade and well-axed Government to help to finance an automobile exhibition! Such

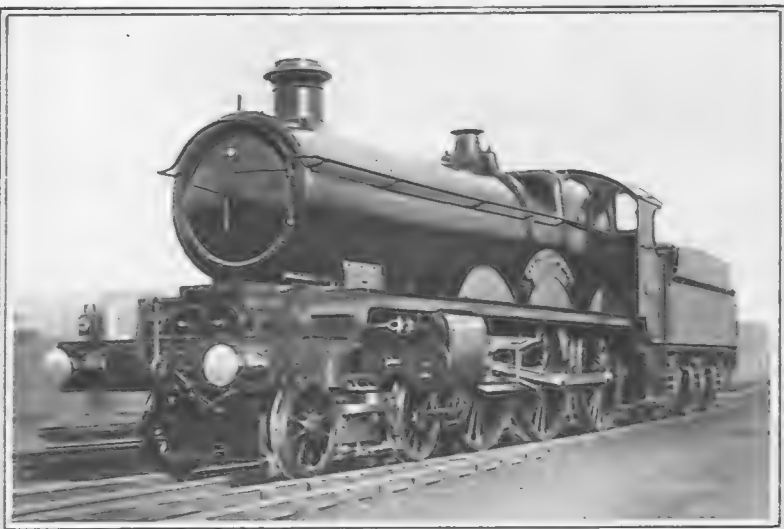
a suggestion propounded in Whitehall would certainly end in the whole deputation being solemnly transferred to Broadmoor as criminal lunatics and there detained at his Majesty's alleged pleasure. Anyhow, it would seem that there are the seeds of revolution across the Channel, as well as upon this side; but, if not every year in France, it is bound to happen every other year. Over here, on the other hand, such things are more serious. Only last week I wrote of the Glass-House Exhibition, at which the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders are waiting to throw



staying at home at the behest of the Inland Revenue agents. Of course, there is no doubt that the Royal wedding has kept at home many people who would otherwise have gone South as usual; but apart from that altogether, it is certain that the excessive hotel and other charges have a lot to do with it, especially when they come at a time of unparalleled slump instead of one of happy-go-lucky false boom. Over here, as we are seeing, prices have had to come down; and the sooner the French recognise this fact the better for them. Never have hotels at home along the coast had a worse season, apart from the Riviera, and the plain fact is that people have not in the ordinary way got the loose money either to motor abroad or even to pay ordinary hotel bills. We are living in a virtuous interregnum of compulsory domesticity. Please heaven it will not last over-long!

Gray v. "Lizzie."

"Poppa" Ford has dictated his terms to the world, motor and otherwise, for many a year; but one day a rival was bound to spring up and give him to think furiously. When you standardise a model and mass-produce it in such colossal quantities that you dare not alter a detail, after a time someone is bound to start an opposition show upon the same lines, only more up to date. It wants a huge financial backing and plenty of pluck, but news comes across the little old Herring Pond that a certain automobile, to be called the "Gray," is out on "Poppa's" track good and hard, at a price under five hundred dollars. His counter will be interesting and delivered with huge weight behind it; and, if it come off, it will be a wonderfully interesting Transatlantic financial battle to watch.



WEARING ITS HEART ON ITS SMOKE-BOX: THE ENGINE WHICH DREW THE ROYAL HONEYMOON SPECIAL TRAIN.

The standard G.W.R. express engine which drew the Royal honeymoon special train conveying Princess Mary and Lord Lascelles to Shifnal to begin their honeymoon was decorated with a little heart, painted on the smoke-box. This may be distinguished in our photograph.

cannot and will not see that she has done so. She prefers to sit upon past laurels at a bad time—frankly bad everywhere—instead of making a big bid for lost ascendancy. Over here, good times or bad times, what is left of British manufacture is going all out for the gloves on the old principle that the devil or the Official Receiver will take the hindmost; and I am sure that in times of slump it is the policy that pays. Black Care may sit upon your back-axle, but never let him sit on the front one. Over here we are discussing extensions of Olympia and the autumn show. In Paris they are haggling once more over dropping their Salon this year. Apparently, the argument of the elders is that, if you don't have a new model to show every year, what is the good of a show at all? That is all very well, but I do not think that it is economically sound. Years and years ago I was one of those who thought that Olympia had served its original purpose; but I do not think so now. I think that the motor industry owes a great deal to the wonderful collected advertisement of an annual show and the interest which it unquestionably rouses. If the attendance were upon the down grade instead of on the boom, one might be justified in thinking otherwise. As long as our Motor Show or the Salon be a big public draw at a price which supports the central controlling body in affluence, it seems to me amply to justify itself, especially in these days of the democratisation of motoring, with a big public waiting for a car as soon as ever finance permits. There's the rub!

Younger Generation Kicking.

Anyhow, it will be, as before, all the better for our industry if the French do scrap their Salon and thereby place London more than ever in the proud position of Delos in the whole of

big bricks in certain circumstances; and now the outlaws of the White City have banded themselves together in more or less open revolt. If enlarged Olympia be ready in time and adequate to contain the whole lot, they wish to work amicably with the S.M.M.T., and support them; but they have their doots, and say so frankly. They also add that, be those doots justified, they are not standing for any more of it, and demand equal rights all round—again a case of the younger brethren showing their teeth. In fact, in order to protect their interests, they have formed an association to be called "The White City Exhibitors' Association"; and that's that! But they have not yet appealed to the Government!

Motor Slump on the Riviera.

News comes from the Royal Automobile Club that there is a marked reduction in the number of cars being passed through to the Monte Carlo area this year. The year before and last year there was a big boom all along the Riviera; but this year undoubtedly most folk are financially chastened and



AN ENGAGED PAIR: MARCHIONESS CONYNGHAM AND MR. A. BALDWIN RAPER, M.P.

The engagement of Marchioness Conyngham, daughter of the late Mr. W. A. Tobin, of Australia, and Mr. A. Baldwin Raper, M.P. for the East Division of Islington, was announced recently. This photograph, which was taken at Hove, is the first snapshot of the happy pair since their engagement.

Photograph by K. Hopkins.

I have often wondered whether "Poppa" has all the time a wonderful brand-new "Tin Elizabeth" up his capacious sleeve, out of which he produces so many stunts.

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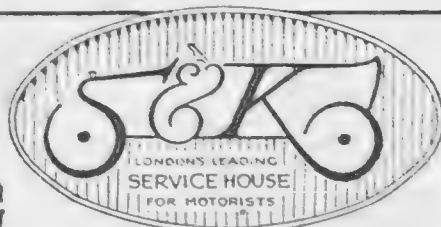
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Turbans and Toques.

The stately ceremony at the Abbey has brought home to every woman the great possibilities of the small hat. Turbans, toques, and Russian-shaped hats, fashioned in the most exquisite brocade, lamé, silk crêpe, or velvet, and ornamented with real jewels, fantastic gold flowers, and crystal-embroidered ribbons, have made their appearance, and are likely to remain with us for some time. The very small hat with the rather hard line is not becoming to all faces; but this is easily modified by the skilful modiste, for the material of which it is fashioned is cunningly draped to lend it a *bouffant* style, and often finished with a soft ostrich-feather or gilded coque mount lying close to the face. Lace and fur combined with bright, metallic fabrics create really beautiful models, and many of these small hats are softened by a tiny lace veil hanging just over the eyes. Straw of every description is used for the more easy-to-wear hat—bright straw and dull straw, woven with silk or wool, and so flexible that it can be treated in the same way as the softest brocades.

The Vogue of the Décolleté.

The *décolleté* has never been so varied as at the present moment, and it is a relief to think that the days are over when every woman felt obliged to don the severe, square, low *décolleté*, that is so trying to the majority

of figures. A really beautiful neck can "take" a square *décolleté*, but the V-shaped corsage is generally more becoming, and can be



Robert Heath has used deep-blue straw and wool to make this charming little pull-on hat.

made quite narrow on the shoulders, and worn without sleeves. The *bateau décolletage* has a great advantage for the woman with slightly sloping shoulders, for it can be worn rather high back and front, but sufficiently wide to show the top of the arms. This gives a beautiful line to the back of the neck. The draped gown, leaving one shoulder bare, is only possible for the tall, slender woman; her well-favoured sister should wear the round neck which is never out of place. The most charming *décolleté* for the *jeune fille* is a transparent *fichu* which is wide across the shoulders and forms tiny sleeves finishing well above the elbow.

Ebonite and Coral Jewels.

Ebonite, which is a very hard and beautiful shiny black substance made from rubber, is the rage in Paris at present. The newest jewellery is composed of ebonite and coral mounted with diamonds. Imagine hollow rings of ebonite attached to round pieces of pink coral by bars of diamonds, and think how lovely such a bracelet appears on a white arm! Another bracelet, which is mounted on fine black silk cord, is made of squares of ebonite set with diamonds, and attached to discs of coral and diamond circles. A pendant of coral is finished by a large tassel of tiny coral beads hanging from an ebonite-and-diamond bell. Even earrings do not escape this mode; and a circle of ebonite hanging on a diamond chain from a coral stud is really very beautiful.

That delightful garment the *stockinette* costume has come into its own; and, judging from the charming suit sketched on this page, there is reason to believe that it has come to stay. Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, are responsible for its creation, and it is carried out in soft brown tricot, into which tiny white stripes are woven. Both

coat and skirt are bound with brown braid. The sketch to the right pictures an apricot-coloured silk sports coat with a long roll collar; note must be made of the wide drop stitch running from the waist down. This coat looks delightful in covert silk. Jumpers made in lace alpaca are quite one of the newest styles of "woollies"; these are very light, but beautifully warm, and can be obtained from 49s. 6d., while in silk and wool they cost from 59s. 6d. Silk jumpers are always fascinating; and there is one in cinnamon-coloured silk which is closely knitted to fit the shoulders, and then falls full and loose, ornamented with a wide drop-stitch and finished with a girdle.

Sports Hats of Note.

The sports hat of to-day is quite as important a feature in a woman's wardrobe as the *chapeau habillé*, and perhaps there is nothing that suits the Englishwoman better than one of these soft pull-on hats. Robert Heath, Knightsbridge, has designed the charming model of wool and straw sketched on this page. It is deep blue in colour, and so flexible that it can be bent to accommodate any fancy. A mixture of coarse green and blue straw, with a small cleft brim lined with silk, makes another hat; this is trimmed with straw, too. There are many delightful straw country hats, and fold-up models in silk or velvet that are a real boon when travelling. Featherweight felts in many shades can be obtained from 30s., and the famous waterproof velvet hats, and others made of satin, which expand to suit any head, from 48s. 6d. *Continued overleaf.*



Brown stockinette, woven with tiny white stripes, is quite a new idea; this delightful costume was sketched at Debenham and Freebody's.



This jumper of pale apricot silk ornamented with a wide drop-stitch was sketched at Debenham and Freebody's.

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WOMAN'S WAYS. By Mabel Howard. Continued.

The Charm of Brocade.

So many beautiful brocades were worn at the Abbey last week that one realises with pleasure that the seal of Fashion has been set, and flowered silks must be counted among the favourites of the day. The beautiful gown pictured on this page is carried out in the rich brocaded silk for which J. H. Lyons, 3, Princes Street, Hanover Square, is so justly famed. Nothing could be more charming than this elegant and simple frock, which relies on the loveliness of the material used for its creation to bring it the marked success it deserves. J. H. Lyons have also a large variety of plain silks, satin beauté, and georgette, in so great a range of colours that all tastes can be satisfied; so when ordering a new frock do not forget to ask your *couturière* to show you one of Lyons' "bunches" to choose from.

Sports Coats and Knitted Frocks.

We all know that the cardigan jacket is a great favourite on the links and for all sports—indeed, this coat is so easily slipped on and off that it is highly appreciated by the open-air woman and her stay-at-home sister. The one on this page comes from Jaeger's, 126, Regent Street; it is made of exquisitely soft wool, slightly brushed, in a delicate green and yellow tint which gives the marled effect so much admired; the price is 39s. 6d. This cardigan can be obtained in natural wool and camel's hair. A natural-tinted, light and dark, brushed cashmere sports coat, with a skirt to match, makes a very neat and warm costume. There are also charming one-piece knitted frocks, made in many soft pastel colours, with a wide pattern in contrasting shades at the bottom and on the collar. It seems almost unnecessary to mention the Jaeger underwear, famed for its warm and protecting qualities, which are so needed in our uncertain climate. Of course, there are sports stockings to go with every costume; and delightful little knitted frocks and jersey outfits in all colours for children.

Silk Lingerie. Silk voile, one of the softest of materials, is specially suitable for lingerie, and Harvey Nichols,

Knightsbridge, have designed some fascinating garments carried out in this beautiful fabric. The night-gown pictured on this page is of lemon-coloured silk voile—but, of course, it can be obtained in other shades—ornamented with fine Malines lace and finished with a sash; the price is 39s. 6d. Flame-coloured silk voile, accordion-pleated, is used for cami-knickers which hang straight from a wide band of coffee-tinted lace; they are caught together with a tiny strap at the bottom of the skirt, and are delightful for evening wear. For women who like really warm and elegant lingerie there is a charming night-gown in shell-pink jersey silk; its only trimming consists of the fine embroidery bars which are used to mount the sleeves and yoke. Spun silk woven in open-work lace designs is quite new; there are chemises with opera tops finished with ribbon straps, and knickers made in black and almost every colour.

A Word About Corsets.

Fashion has decreed that the straight, almost severe corsage, with a low waist-line, is to be worn; this style of dress is certainly very becoming, and enhances even a beautiful figure. The corset becomes a necessity with this mode, for although, of



Jaeger has used the softest of green and yellow wool for this useful cardigan.

course, the figure remains quite natural, it is more clearly outlined and graceful. The "Ravissant" corset—designed by and obtained only from Gorrings's, Buckingham Palace Road—is a delightful model made in several styles to suit all women. It is laced in front, and at the back there is a strip of porous flexible material with elastic top and bottom, ensuring perfect freedom and ventilation. Elastic webbing corsets fitted with unbreakable spiral steels are extremely comfortable; and there is a variety of other models in silk broché, and some in strong white coutil suitable for sports. The woman of mature age requiring support is specially cared for, and there are corsets suitable for the slim, medium, or generous figure from 10s. 9d. to 4 guineas.

An Ideal Home.

A beautiful home is the pride and ambition of every woman, and perhaps there is nothing that gives greater pleasure than the furnishing of a house. A country cottage, with

its quaint nooks and corners, is a source of real delight; while the very thought of furnishing a stately mansion fills one with longing, for its possibilities are so great. It is not always what is put into a house that



J. H. Lyons' brocade and crêpe-de-Chine make this graceful evening gown.

gives it the individual charm so much desired, but often what is left out; therefore, it is wise to seek advice before buying furniture. Harrods, Knightsbridge, are renowned for their valuable suggestions and the exquisite workmanship of their goods; not only can they provide furniture for every kind of home, but they can build you a house and carry out all the heating, lighting, and decorating arrangements without delay. The labour-saving contrivances, without which no modern home is complete, are especially studied, and there are some wonderful stoves that heat a room, boil water, and cook food at the same time, reducing expense and labour to a minimum. Entrust your needs and ideas to Harrod's, and the result is entire satisfaction.

The Walking Suit.

Everyone will acknowledge that for general wear men's tweed suiting makes the most delightful costumes. Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, have many examples of coats and skirts carried out in grey and fawn tweed mixtures at the most reasonable prices. Loose, belted coats, with pockets and centre back panels on the cross, cost £5 18s. 6d.; while the semi-fitting coat which falls straight over its well-cut skirt is 6½ guineas. Some people prefer gabardine to the rougher materials, and they also will find a large selection of tailleurs to choose from. The long-waisted coat, with the new pouched back so becoming to all women, can be obtained for 8½ guineas. This model is made of fine gabardine neatly braided, and has the wide bell sleeve.



A night-gown of crêpe-de-Chine and Malines lace is Harvey Nichols' idea of beautiful lingerie.

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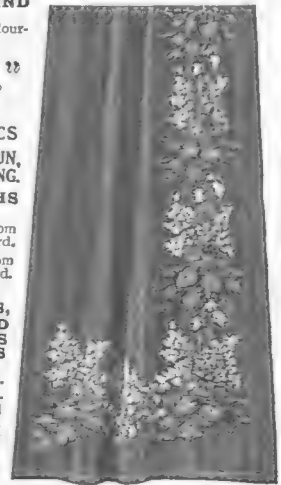
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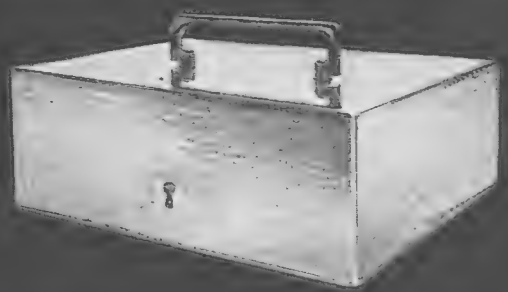


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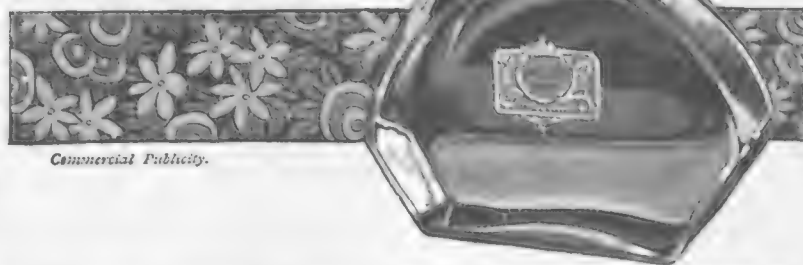


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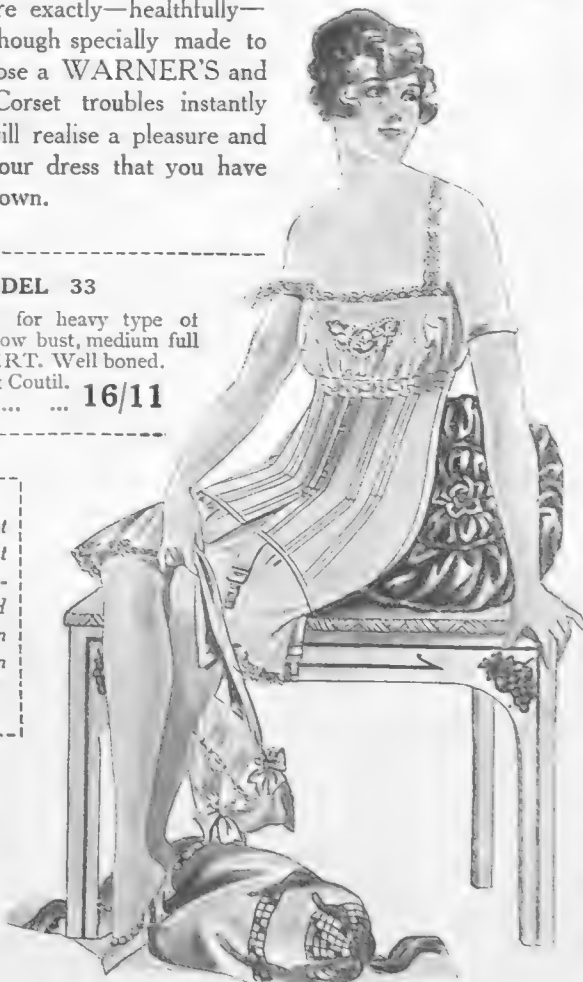
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Heavy-weight artificial Silk Hose, spliced heels and toes in black and white mixtures, silver and white mixtures, or coating and white mixtures. 8/6

Good quality Balbriggan lisle Hose, spliced feet, embroidered clox, specially recommended for wear. In champagne, putty, light grey, medium grey, dark grey, antelope, mole, nigger, tan, white, and black ... 6/11



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Pure silk Hose, Kayser make, very reliable in wear, with specially strengthened feet and patent marvel stripe which prevents laddering. In black, grey, beaver, light beige, and champagne, Per pair 16/6

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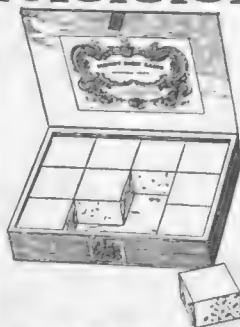
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"Betty"

Attractive, well-cut Gown of Crêpe-de-Chine, with self trimming at hem of skirt and sleeves. The waist is defined by beaded barrel ornaments. In black, navy, Mary blue, brown, flame, ruby, mid-grey, silver-grey, putty, and other colours.

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HAT in mastic Finecord Straw, trimmed silk corded ribbon 39/6

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(as illustrated)

An Ideal Country Coat

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Half-lined pure Silk.

Skirts to match 69/6

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Monday, March 20th, marks an Epoch in the History of this Famous Fashion House, as the opening of THE ENTIRE REGENT STREET FRONTAGE takes place, and to celebrate the event the Directors have decided to hold an

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on the lines of our popular November Week, which we originated seven years ago.

The latest in Spring Fashions and Novelties from the leading Fashion Centres will be on view, and you are most cordially invited to pay a visit of inspection, being assured of the greatest courtesy without being importuned to buy.

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dispatched on that
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As the quantity of
these Garments is
limited, please note
that they cannot be
sent on approval, but
direct orders will
have prompt
attention.



S.H./B.34. - SOFT SATIN WRAPPER

Kimono shape (as sketch), trimmed with bands of Satin, finished with hem-stitching. It also has a fold of Satin round the Neck ending with a Tassel on either side, and which enhances the smartness of this Model. In Pink, Sky, Nattier, Rose, Petunia, Dark Saxe or Black.

Special Price
59/6

S.H./B.8. - DISTINCTIVE COAT

(as sketch), of fine quality All-Wool Gabardine, half-lined Silk. Smartly cut and tailored on simple but becoming lines, with inset Sleeves and effectively trimmed with heavy stitching on the Collar and Pockets. Held in at waist with new double half Belt. Inside of Collar and edge of Cuffs faced with Gabardine in pretty contrasting or Self Shades. In Fawn, Light Fawn, Putty, Pale Grey, Mid Grey, Mole, Beaver, Mushroom, Nigger, Navy or Black. S.W., W., O.S.

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(as sketch), of Gabardine, trimmed Braid in a novel design, and finished at waist with loose tie Belt. Plain well-cut Skirt. Colours: Grey, Beige, Beaver, Nigger, Navy or Black.

Special Price 5 Gns.

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This practical and becoming Blouse is adapted from one of the newest Paris models, and is made by our own workers from rich quality Crêpe-de-Chine, and is specially suitable for wearing with tailored Suits.

ATTRACTIVE BLOUSE (as sketch) in rich quality Crêpe-de-Chine, well-fitting collar cut to form a long line, trimmed effectively with bands of self Crêpe-de-Chine, seams finished with veinings. In ivory, black, champagne, flesh, grey, and a variety of fashionable colours. In sizes 42, 44 and 46.

PRICE
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LADIES' PATENT LANGTRY
SHOE (as sketch), with square steel
slide, Louis XV. heel, round toe.
Price 63/- per pair.

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The latest variants on the Jumper theme at Harrods are more beautiful than ever. Style joins hands with Quality and attractively moderate price to make the value absolutely supreme.

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A new Stockinette Jumper, in exceptionally heavy material, beautifully embroidered with gold thread and silk to tone with the contrasting binding round scalloped edge. In Navy, Nigger, Copper, Mastic, Lemon or Black .. **45/9**

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Orders receive special
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Minimum charges for
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"THE LONSDALE."

Robert Heath's Ltd., of Knightsbridge, newest soft felt Pull-On Sports Hat. Absolutely Waterproof. Larger in appearance and of slightly heavier felt than the Well-known "Lowther" Hat. The brim will withstand the Wind and yet roll up for the Pocket. In our superfine quality only. Cinnamon, Koko, Cuba, Beaver, Ash, Drab, Armour, Mole, Fallow, Champagne, and White. Price **42/-** With Sports Feather Mount.

An exclusive speciality, unobtainable elsewhere.

The largest stock of exclusive designs in Helmets, Solar Topes, and Double Terrais in the World. Models particularly suitable for India, Nigeria, Egypt, South Africa, etc.

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Auguste Bonaz

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Brewed by BARCLAY, PERKINS & CO., LTD., SOUTHWARK, S.E.

GOSSIP FROM THE HUNTING WORLD.

(Continued from page 398.)

Captain Harris, and Mr. Donner, all thrusting the best. Altogether it was probably close



THE CASKET CONTAINING PRINCESS MARY'S BRIDAL SHOES: A BEAUTIFUL WEDDING GIFT.

This beautiful casket contained Princess Mary's bridal shoes, which were made by ex-Service men and women in the Norwich factories of P. Haldinstein and Sons. It is a lovely piece of work, and was made by Messrs. Garrard and Co., Ltd. It is made of solid silver, heavily water-gilt, and decorated in the Renaissance style.

on two hundred horsemen and women who went on to the first covert.

An unusual incident took place during a hunt from Lady Theodora Guest's gorse. The chase came to an abrupt halt in Templecombe village, and hounds and staff were busily searching every outhouse and barn, when someone in the crowd of horsemen and foot people assembled in the street looked skywards, and there was friend fox sitting on the highest point of the roof of the station

"pub.," surveying the throng beneath him with cool contempt. A ladder was produced, when, realising that his position was no longer a secure one, he dived for safety, but only to meet his doom a mile or so further on.

There was, as usual, a certain amount of mixed bathing in a tributary of the Cale, though no one tried to take on that noble river itself, as Lord Cavan did during a great hunt over the same country a few weeks ago. His horse made a most whole-hearted and gallant effort, and actually reached the far side, but, alas! the banks were rotten, and horse and rider slipped back and disappeared from view in goodness knows what depth of mud and water. Both got safely out, though not in time to see the end of the hunt. I believe

that the Cale at this point was successfully negotiated some years ago by Mr. Lauriston Lewis on his wonderful old mare Sally, and again this season by Colonel Armitage, R.A., though in the latter case the fact (retailed by himself) that he was being run away with at the moment may have had some bearing on the case.

When the W.O. Permits.

Lord Cavan is hunting with the B.V. now whenever his duties at the War Office permit, and keeps his horses at Marsh Court, the residence of his brother, Captain the Hon. L. Lambart, now retired from the Navy and acting as Field Master to the Hunt.

It is good news that the B.V. Polo Club is once again firmly on its feet. Captain Taylor Whitehead is a most energetic secretary, and has whipped up a good number of playing members and a vast muster

(Continued overleaf.)



PRESENTED TO PRINCESS MARY AND VISCOUNT LASCELLES: THE CASKET FROM THE CORPORATION OF THE CITY OF LONDON.

The casket presented by the Corporation of the City of London with the address of congratulation to Princess Mary and Lord Lascelles is of solid 18-carat gold, classic in character. It bears on its front face the Arms of the City of London in enamel, with richly ornamented panels on either side. It was designed and made by the Goldsmiths to the Crown, Messrs. Garrard and Co., Ltd., 24, Albemarle Street, W.

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Perfect Satisfaction

The Opinion of Major James Dunning, D.S.O.,
concerning his Post-War Rolls-Royce.

"IN every respect it is satisfactory. The new Engine gives even greater acceleration than the old one, and is perceptibly more powerful on hills.

"I have one of your 1913 cars which has been driven about 45,000 miles, ordinarily at very high speeds, and I have, therefore, been very much interested to see how your new product compared with the old one. I am perfectly satisfied with the new car in every respect, and it does exactly, and with its characteristic exquisite quality, all the things that you told me it would do."

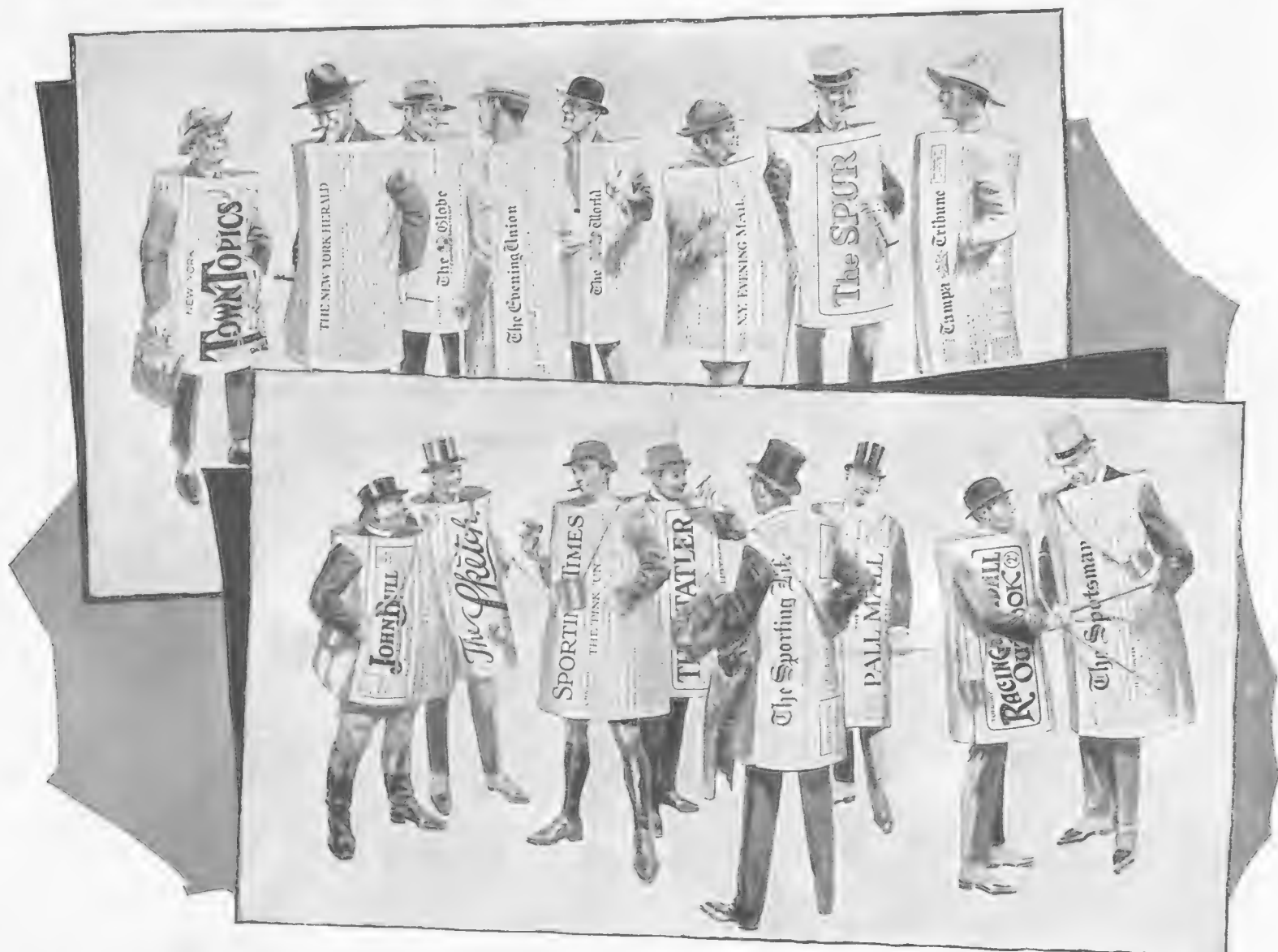
The original of the above testimonial may be seen
at our Showrooms by anyone interested. Ref. No. 514.

ROLLS ROYCE LIMITED - - - - 15 CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.1

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America backs British Opinion— “Duggie,” the Greatest Sportsman in the World.



- * *New York World*, 10/1/22: “Douglas Stuart, famed throughout the Continent as the Greatest Turf Accountant.”
- * *Town Topics* (New York), 28/12/21: “Douglas Stuart—the most popular man in the world.”
- * *New York Evening Mail*, 13/1/22: “Duggie Stuart—England’s premier Bookmaker.”
- * *New York Herald*, 18/12/21: “Douglas Stuart Turf Accountancy—the largest firm of its kind in the world.”

“Tattenham,” in the *Sunday Express*, 12/2/22, recommends Douglas Stuart as a reputable firm, and advises his readers to do their business with that firm.

Pall Mall said: “His name stands for all that is best in the racing world.”

Sporting Times said: “Duggie NEVER owes.”

Sporting Life said: “By FAR the Greatest Sportsman in the World.”

Why not write to-day and open a Credit Account?

Douglas Stuart

New Oxford St., London.

Continued.
of non-playing ones, so many cheery afternoons should be in store.



PRINCESS MARY'S WEDDING GIFT FROM THE BRIGADE OF GUARDS: A SUPERB DIAMOND PENDANT.

This beautiful diamond pendant is modelled on a badge presented to Princess Mary's grandmother by the officers of the Brigade of Guards on the occasion of a ball given by them in 1863. It consists of the badges of the Grenadier, the Coldstream, the Scots, Irish and Welsh Guards, in the centre of an oval garter with the motto, "Quinque juncta in uno," and is surmounted by the imperial crown. This beautiful jewel has been made by the Crown Jewellers, Messrs. Garrard and Co., 24, Albemarle Street, W.

Duke of Buccleuch's Hounds.

It was a big meet the other Monday at Longnewton Village. The first draw was The Moss at Cavers, but it was a bit wet for holding a fox. One, however, got up in a ploughed field near by, on Clarilaw, and gave them a nice little hunt round by Linthill and Lillesleaf. They were round about that country all day. It was quite a busy day, with lots of galloping and jumping. That bit of the country is very popular; there are nice big grass fields, some fairly big stone walls, but nice timber.

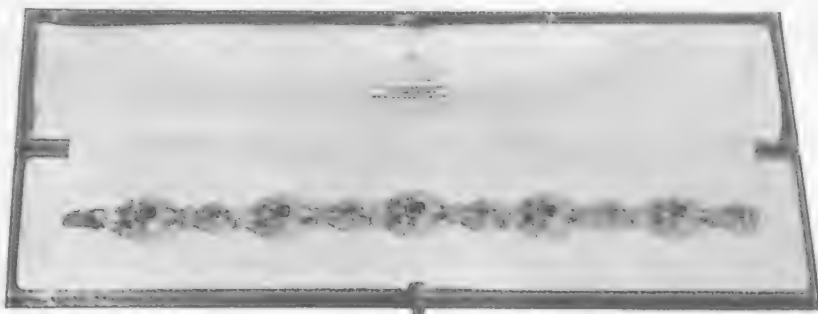
Wednesday was Mertoun Bridge. The Ellesmeres being away, they did not meet at the house, but went up Bemersyde way, which was most appropriate, as Lord and Lady Haig were spending the day there. Several foxes were found in the Gateheugh, and the whole hunt passed in front of the house. It was a poor scenting day, and though they found another fox at Bettyfield, they could not make much of it, and it was only in the evening, when about six people were left, that they had a nice little run.

Saturday, although it was blowing a great gale, was quite a good day. Found at once in Minto Kames, and, luckily, ran down wind by Netheraw to Bewlie Moss, and back again to Netheraw. They

almost went over a favourite point-to-point course—where it has been held twice. After that they were through by Lillesleaf and Riddell to Clarilaw Moor. Most people came home then, quite pleased with their day, in spite of the wind. Major Sprot and Mr. Usher lost their "toppers" for good, and finished the day with their hair streaming in the wind, and several other hats were like concertinas with being jammed on; the only happy ones were the M.F.H.s and ex-M.F.H.s in their caps!

The Lauderdale Hounds.

These hounds met at Chapel-on-Leader on Friday. Colonel Mitchell, M.F.H., Mrs. Mitchell, and her sister, Mrs. Pringle of Torwoodlee, were out; also Mrs. Van Raalte, Mrs. McConnell and her small son David, Mr. Herdman of Friarshall, Miss Wyllie, Mrs. Mitchell of Carolside, and some of her party, etc.



PRESENTED TO PRINCESS MARY BY THE ROYAL COLONIAL INSTITUTE: A FLEXIBLE DIAMOND-AND-EMERALD BRACELET.

This beautiful diamond-and-emerald oval link bracelet is the wedding gift which Princess Mary received from the Royal Colonial Institute. It was made by Messrs. Garrard and Co., Ltd.

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All-Weather	All-Weather
Saloon ... £850	Saloon ... £925
Landaulette ... £870	Landaulette ... £975

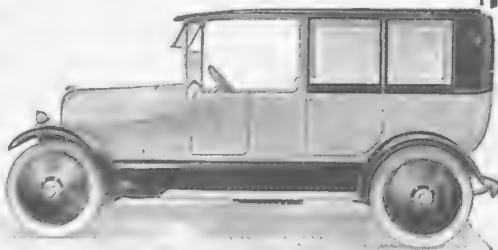
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Through Trains daily between Calais and Monte Carlo.

IN A COUNTRY AWAITING ITS DESTINY: EGYPT TO-DAY.

By the Author of "The Peregrinations of an Officer's Wife."

"Mafeesh!" There was a cold north wind blowing from the desert, and I huddled peevishly into the corner of the tram, and signed to the conductor to pull up the windows. He grinned cheerfully and also made signs to me. These were coupled with the one word of Arabic I know, *Mafeesh*, and I realised that there were no windows to pull up—only nasty little wooden shutters. The windows had all been broken in the December riots, and, judging from the length of time it takes the average Egyptian to do the smallest job here, they are likely to remain *mafeesh* for the rest of my stay in Cairo. Besides, it would be a pity to mend them. While there is no glass in the street lamps and no windows in the trams, there is very little for the young politicians and agitators in Cairo to throw stones at. When the road-mending season is over, and the stones used for this have vanished, and there are no longer heaps of missiles ready to hand, and there is no glass to break, the desire for independence in Egypt will doubtless die a natural death. The warmer evenings may bring it out again, but at present the nights are still too cold, and the would-be rioter likes to lie in his house, rolled up, head and all, in innumerable blankets; and soon after the sun goes down, he retires to bed. There is one very bad quarter in Cairo, through which we must drive whenever we go out to dine and dance. During the recent troubles we motored miles to avoid this quarter. Coming back, we went peacefully through it, quite sure we were safe if the night were but dark and cold!

Tired of Revolvers. It is an amusing contrast to Ireland, where no one was safe in any street after dark.

There are distinctly points about Egypt which were sadly lacking in Ireland; but it would be pleasant, just for a change, if I could live in a country where no one carried revolvers, even as a precaution. I am so very tired of them: in their cases, in their owners' pockets, on my dressing-table—and now there are even revolvers in the honey; for that is where some were found the other day by a vigilant customs inspector. And I adore honey!

I often discuss the political situation with the inhabitants of the Mouski, the famous bazaar in Cairo. Nothing can exceed the hatred of the Jewish shopkeepers for the Egyptians who live alongside of them. Doubtless this hatred is born of fear, for, in the event of disturbances, Jewish life and property would be the first to suffer.

Where We Meet on Common Ground.

Nothing is allowed to interfere with the races. One meeting held recently was somewhat sparsely attended, as the soldiers were confined to barracks, in anticipation of trouble. But politics are all dropped on the race-course. English, Egyptians, French, Italians, and Greeks, all meet on common ground, struggling round the windows of the *Pari-Mutuel*. Looking at the mixed crowd, I could well believe that intrigue is the breath of life to many of these last-named, just as argument is manna to the Egyptians—a fact that people in England do not seem to realise.

This time next year will there be a race-meeting in Cairo, or—what is more to the point—will the Union Jack float over the Grand Stand?

It seems to be my fate to live in countries which are awaiting their destinies. But, just as a year ago no one could have foreseen the future of Ireland (can they now, I wonder?), the situation here is now equally obscure, and

rumours equally strong. But, while in Ireland the soldiers' one hope was to leave, here our one hope is to remain. That we should do so is equally, though inarticulately, the hope of the majority of the Egyptians. They hate responsibility and they hate work. We save them both.

The Boycott of British Goods.

We race and play games, and dine and dance, go once a week to the opera, do a little sight-seeing, and, incidentally, spend a very great deal of money, entirely untouched by the political troubles. Indeed, it is hard to realise there are any. A strike of cabs and taxis lasted but a few hours. It did not pay. The much-advertised boycott of British goods is now in full swing; but except for calling a famous English soap by a French name, I have not noticed much result. I get the same soap, and the merchant pleases the young Egyptian agitators. Would that all industrial troubles were as easily settled!

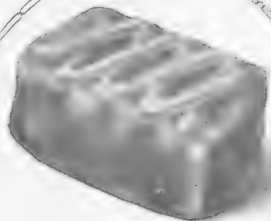
Again, yesterday, I thought of the contrast between this country and Ireland. I was walking in that quarter of Cairo which I have alluded to as dangerous at times, when a youth threw a large bit of chewed sugar-cane at my face and ran quickly away. It was very nasty, and doubtless insanitary, but chewed sugar-cane as a weapon, instead of a revolver, was such a delightful change. Even unchewed it could hardly be considered as dangerous.

This is the first sign, beyond a few scowls, that I have seen of any anti-British feeling

The Invitation Pianoforte Recital by artist students of Professor Lawrence Taylor, A.R.A.M., which was held at the Steinway Hall on Saturday last, March 4, was notable for the appearance of a young pianist who is well worth watching. She is Miss Stella Maloney, who shows great promise.

MUCH of the charm of really good chocolates lies in the variety and originality of their centres. There are nearly a hundred different varieties of

Maison Lyons Chocolates



Here is an example of a chocolate with a specially pleasing centre, and known as BISCUITINE. This centre consists of alternate layers of wafer biscuit and chocolate ganache.

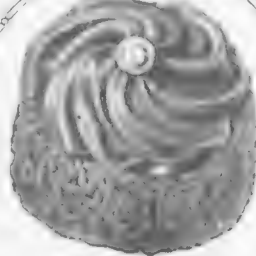
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When discussing the Annual Dinner of your Society or Regiment, remember that at the Trocadero each detail, from the floral decorations to the service, is in the hands of an expert; the result is a menage which is a surprise even to the most discerning.

J. LYONS & CO., Ltd., London, W.



The dainty decoration of Maison Lyons Chocolates is indicated by this illustration of the MONTMORENCY. This chocolate has a centre of marzipan, cherry flavoured, and whorls of chocolate on top.

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Refinement in a car body is usually associated in one's mind with the same quality in the chassis, and from the appearance of the Vauxhall you can safely argue a well-balanced combination of good points that pleases the connoisseur.

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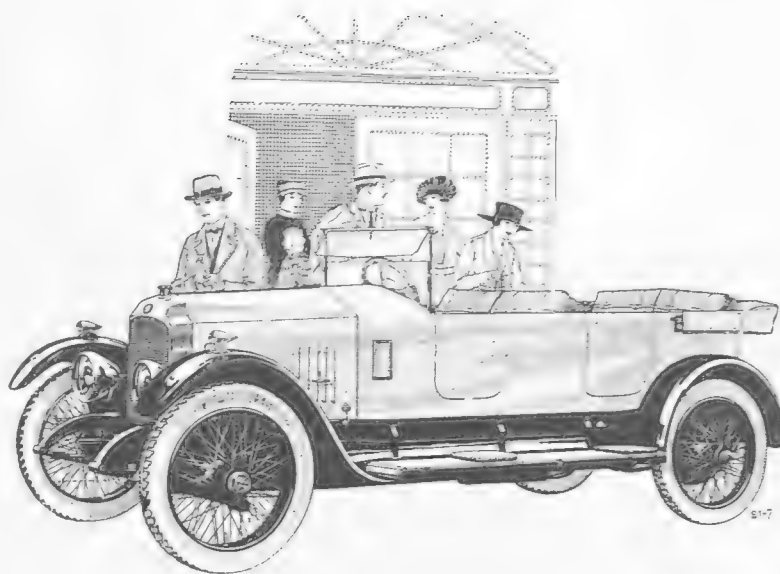
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CITY NOTES.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"I REALLY must buy a car before Easter," announced Our Stroller. "There's something in my bones which says, 'You've got to have a car this spring,' and I never go against my innermost promptings in a matter of this sort."

The broker was rummaging under the little table of the coffee-haunt, and—

"Give me *The Sketch*, if you please," he asked the young lady. "Thanks. Look here, take your choice."

Our Stroller turned over the leaves rapidly. "That's the one I want," he indicated. "How does that appeal to your sense of the appropriate?"

"What d'you want to sell?" asked the broker, taking a short cut to practical business.

"Now you're talking. Ought I to get out of my War Loan?"

"No fear. Oh, but, well, of course, there can't be an awful lot of rise. And yet I think myself that the War Loan's the cheapest of the lot if you're prepared to take the risk of having it paid off at 100 in 1929."

"I've got a bit of National War Bond left. How about that?"

"I'd rather sell that. Ten thou?"

"Heavens, man! I only want to buy a car. But I could do with a hundred or two for—"

"All right, old man. I quite understand. You want to buy a couple of Calcutta Sweep-stake tickets for your wife, eh?"

"Yes, that's it," laughed Our Stroller. "But I do want some money. Is there anything worth selling?"

"I can tell you what to buy, and that's Peter Robinson Preference. Can't go wrong with them."

"And Shell new Preference? How about them?"

"Tip-top stuff. Any really good Preference shares you can keep for better prices."

"You talk like those chaps in *The Sketch* first-class carriage. I wish sometimes that they'd lose their season-tickets, because—"

The broker leant back, dropped his cigarette ash negligently down the neck of a neighbour, and laughed.

"All very fine," he answered, "but they get hold of good tips occasionally, and they're a safe crowd to follow, because they don't go and shove you into a heap of rubbish."

"Yes, but I want to hear what Ordinary shares are going up. Coats, you know, and Courtaulds, and Dunlops, and Chartered, and Mex. Eagles, and Maypoles, and Siamese Twins—Tins, I mean."

"They will be all right in time. Only you've got to wait until trade bucks up a little more. Till then, it'll be all investment stocks and shares. Coming over to the House?"

Our Stroller found himself in the Foreign Market, discussing the chances of German Bonds. His informant told him they were an absolute toss-up. "They get their little runs every now and then."

"I bought marks," said Our Stroller.

"So has everybody else. I should say that England and Scotland are simply littered with marks. Mostly bought higher up, too."

"They'll be valuable some day?"

"Hope so. Anyway, they will be useful if you go for a holiday on the Rhine."

"I hadn't thought of that," admitted Our Stroller. "Not," he added hastily, "that I contemplate doing such a thing."

The jobber lifted his eyebrows. "Some people do," said he. "That's why they go on buying marks. Only I guess the wily hotel- and shop-keepers will see to it that the tourists don't get everything at what you might call bed-rock prices."

"P.L.M. Debentures are as good a stock as you can get," Our Stroller overheard. "Norway Sixes are too high. Chile Seven-and-a-half scrip isn't overpriced. French Bonds you can safely put away among your speculative stocks and—anything else I can tell you?"

"What chance have Honduras Bonds?"

"Oh, a gambler's chance, that's all. I'd rather buy Mexican Irrigation—"

"Or Eagles?" suggested a bystander.

"If you're going to shift into the Oil Market, buy yourself Lobitos. There you have scope for a rise, and, moreover, you will get good dividends on your money."

"They don't move much," Our Stroller objected.

"They'll go to 5 all right. There isn't any large amount of speculation in them, of course, but the Company is in a fine position."

"I want to buy a car," said Our Stroller incautiously.

"A car! A motor-car? What are you doing on this side of the House? You must be a jobber in the Consol Market. A car? Why, I don't believe you're—"

Our Stroller looked round hastily for the nearest exit.

"Silly ass you are!" he told himself severely, as he beat his rapid retreat into safety and Throgmorton Street.

Friday, March 3, 1922.



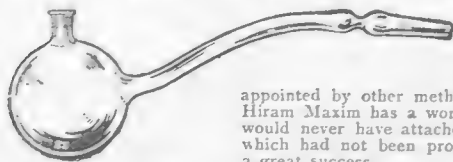
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Send To-day for Sir Hiram Maxim's Book of Advice and learn the secret. It is Free.

No need to continue suffering. Sir Hiram Maxim, the great inventor and scientist, has discovered a quick and simple home cure for all catarrhal troubles, and in order that sufferers should have a free opportunity of learning how to cure their own ailments without interfering with their occupations, he has published a most interesting little book, called the "Home Doctor," which will be given free to all who apply for it. The thousands already cured include sufferers from:—

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A Doctor (M.D., London) going so far as to say that the immediate relief obtained is almost magical. You may have been disappointed by other methods, but remember that Sir Hiram Maxim has a world-honoured reputation, and would never have attached his name to an invention which had not been proved of practical utility and a great success.

It will be found that, after following the advice given in the book, the Catarrh, Cough or Tightness is relieved, and the expectoration diminished. The hearing improves, ear noises gradually stop, the stuffiness in nose and the uncomfortable feeling in the throat and chest disappear, and give place to ease and comfort. Running at the nose is checked, and bouts of sneezing cease instantly. An ever-increasing improvement will be felt, and in most cases a complete cure will take place in a short time.

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will be sent on receipt of name and address. Never mind how many previous treatments have failed, read the book and follow Sir Hiram's advice. You will be surprised and delighted at the result. Simply send your name and address to Sir Hiram Maxim's Sole Licensees, J. M. Richards & Sons, Ltd. (Dept. S. J.), 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1



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A VERY small application of 'Nugget' each morning will keep the smart appearance on your shoes. 'Nugget' preserves the leather and makes it soft and comfortable to wear. 'Nugget' is economical too—a tin outlasts any other kind and gives much better results.

4d. and 6d.

in the new easy-to-open tins. Made in Black, Brown (Tan), Dark Brown and Toney Red. Also in White for Patent Leather.



LATEST PARIS MODEL



SOMETHING entirely new is shown in the accompanying sketch which is to be the vogue for the Spring. It consists of a PLEATED SKIRT and a very NOVEL JUMPER, an exact copy of a Paris model. Beautifully tailored and bound with military silk braid. The collar, trimmed with interlaced braid in each corner, can be worn up or down. The tiny pockets give a smart effect. Made in best quality all-wool light-weight serge in the following colours: Fawn/Self, Cherry/Grey, Saxe/White, Nigger/Fawn, Navy/Black, or White Braid.

JUMPER and SKIRT COMPLETE 52/6

Postage 1/- extra. You will find imitators selling this model later at 5½ guineas.

Please give second choice of colour when ordering, and state length of skirt, waist, and bust measurements.

This model will appeal to those who are buying for Spring and are tired of coat frocks.

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COAT AND SKIRT in Wool Gabardine with the new pouch-back effect, deep magyar sleeves trimmed self-colour Silk Braid. Collar can be worn either up or down. Coat lined heavy weight Ivory Jap Silk. Finished narrow metal and braid belt. Two-piece Skirt of good walking width. Nigger, Fawn, Grey, Mole, Navy, Black, S.W. and ... £8 : 18 : 6

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COAT AND SKIRT in Gabardine, with tiers of self material delicately edged Silk Braid. Collar can be worn equally well in Directoire style. Coat lined Ivory Jap Silk. Two-piece Skirt of ample walking width. Nigger, Fawn, Grey, Mole, Navy, Navy, Black, S.W. and ... £7 : 7 : 0

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This pretty COAT is designed with the pouch effect and has the small high standing collar. Made in Wool Gabardine and prettily trimmed Self Braid. Half-lined Ivory Jap Fancy Silk. Colours: Grey, Fawn, Navy or Black. Varying sizes. £7 : 17 : 6



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White, Fine Material 19/6 To Heavy, Full Loose 28/6
Thick 15/9 For Loose Figures - 22/6
Pink Milanese 30/- In all sizes.

Sizes 27 to 36 ins. During MATERNITY 25/6

Free Circulars. Post Free in U.K. Write Plainly. Both styles are the same price. When ordering, please state "Princess" or "Queen," large, medium, or small figure, also bust measurement.

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BRIGHTENS
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FASHIONABLE KNITTED WOOLLEN SUITS for Early Spring Wear

Perfect fitting, attractive and becoming, and at the same time practical and useful, specially designed for present wear.

KNITTED JUMPER AND SKIRT (as sketch), in lace stitch alpaca wool in many good colours; jumper with V-neck, long sleeves, and finished narrow sash and two pockets; full-shaped skirt on elastic petersham; a very practical and becoming style.

PRICE
8 Gns.



LADIES' ONE-BAR BROGUE GOLF SHOE (as sketch) in brown and black box calf, specially suitable for country and sports wear.

Price 59/6 per pair.

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Ranee Pearls
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Jewelled Clasp,
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'A' QUALITY
Length 16 inches

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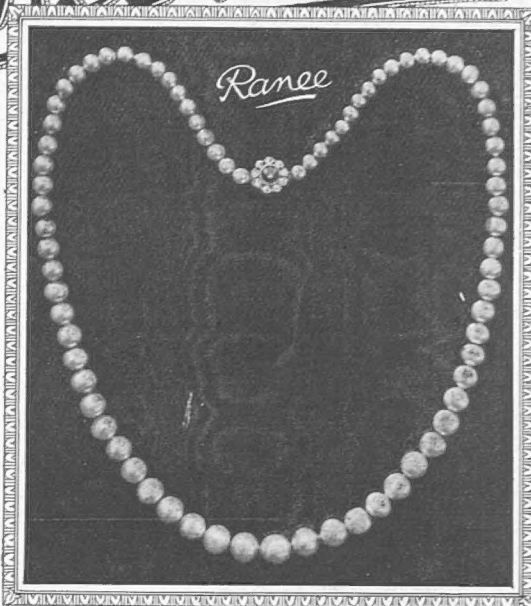
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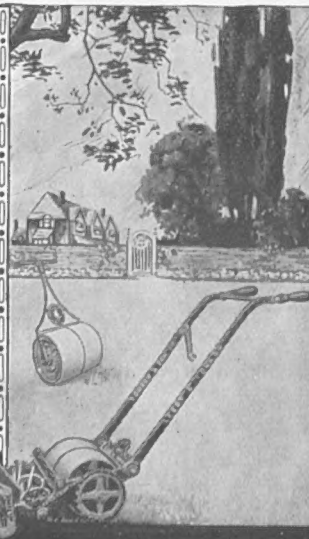
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